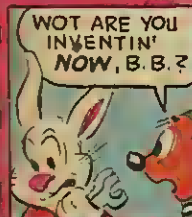


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Featuring
**BLUNDER
BUNNY**



AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
ACG

GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
ACG

FUNNY FILMS

Nº6.
JULY-AUG.

10¢



FASCINATING NOVELTIES! SEND TODAY!

AMAZING! SENSATIONAL! FUN!

Hello!
I'm **SANDY!**
I drink I wet I sleep
and you can
**WAVE MY
HAIR!**

I have
**RUBBER
WONDERSKIN!**

TERRIFIC
VALUE!

only
\$3.98

complete

SEND NO MONEY
(C.O.D. you pay postage.)

Remit with order, we pay postage.)

**RUSH YOUR
ORDER TODAY!**

**SENSATIONAL DRINK
AND WET DOLL IN
WASHABLE RUBBER WONDERSKIN** with life-like
hair and realistic hair-wave
kit complete with... plastic
cutters... rubber waving
bands... waving comb and...
plastic comb and...
bottle of doll hair lotion.
ADORABLE SANDY, 11
inches tall, has sparkling
blue eyes that open
and close — she
drinks from her
bottle with rubber
nipple (included)
and then wets her
diaper. You can bathe her
— move her cuddly arms,
legs and head — her
waiver, walk and sleep.

**FREE
HAIR
WAVE
KIT!**

GLORIOUS **BLONDIE** WONDER DOLL WITH "RUBBER SKIN"



- 13 inches High
- Lifelike Appearance
- She Can Be Washed
- She Has Moving Eyes

Here she is now, that **CUDDLY HUG-
GABLE**, love-me baby Gorgeous Blondie!
She is 13" high and her soft, smooth body
is of **REAL RUBBER WONDERSKIN**.
Every little mother will want Blondie for
her treasure. She's got blonde curls as plenty
and they're thick and long just like real
hair. Blondie's hair can be put up in ebbons
at night and tucked her in bed and watch her
long lashes sleepily close (those big blue eyes).
She coos soundly till her next day of
fun. Every child will have the time of
her life giving her body a bath and
powdering her soft, baby **RUBBER
WONDERSKIN**. She comes dressed in bright
BIRTHDAY PARTY dress, cute panties,
shoes and stockings. Wonderful, beautiful,
amazing dolly. It yours for this unbelievably
low price, **SEND NO MONEY**. Remit with
order and we pay postage or order C.O.D.
plus postage.

**EVERYBODY LOVES ME...
WON'T YOU?**

**IMAGINE \$2.98
ONLY** complete

**YOU DON'T HAVE TO
READ MUSIC!
NO PRACTICING OR
EXERCISE NEEDED!**

**TUNE-
KING!**

**SWING
-ACCORDIAN**

Complete With
**FREE
Instruction Book.**

- Authentic Piano Keyboard
- Carefully-Tuned Brass Reeds
- Lifetime Vinylic Bellows
- All-Plastic Construction

Simple to play, great fun to use, the **TUNE-KING** Swing Accordion will make
every boy & girl or adults the life of every party. This all-plastic accordion plays
the full scale and chords with a beautifully sweet tone. The ivory-colored,
authentic piano keyboard, the carefully-tuned brass reeds, the lifetime vinylic bellows,
think you're an accomplished artist. Streamlined plastic case has the rich
appearance of a fine instrument. To "top it off", plastic handle-neck and
thumb straps assure gentle touch, non-slip playing. **FREE:** An instruction book
that simplifies accordion playing in a few short hours. A song sheet with
popular favorites and old-time get-together songs. **SEND NO MONEY!** Remit
with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.



THE FIGHTING CLOWN

Hey kid! Here's real fun, lots of
action, real spirit with **PUNCHO**—
clown, lively, animated punch-
ing bag. Knock it down, it always
comes back at you let loose to
ideal tackling dummy—wrestling
partner—springing partner. Puncho
against a wall it becomes a rapid
punching bag. Perfect as an exer-
cise and training, indoors or out.
Made of extra heavy long lasting
vinylite, over 32 inches
tall, with metal valve for
easy inflation. **SEND NO
MONEY** (C.O.D. you pay
postage). Remit with order,
we pay postage.)

only
\$2.98

**RUSH YOUR
ORDER TODAY!**

FAST PUSH-BUTTON POWER CAR!

**ALL ELECTRIC REMOTE
1951 AUTO SENSATION!**

- Driven By Powerful Remote Control
- Powered with Electric Mini-Motor
- Latest All Electric Marvel
- Balloon-type Rubber Tires



**IT
STARTS!
REVERSES!
STOPS!
STEERS!**

The greatest new electrical toy since the electric train!
REMOTE CAR is a thoroughly realistic scale model, made of
colorful shining plastic. It runs and steers by remote control
— no wind-up or friction motor, but an **ALL-ELECTRIC PRECIS-
SION-MADE MOTOR**, powered by 4 long lasting flashlight
batteries. Push the magic remote button, and you really make
things happen. Here's real action in technical every child, and
every one. **RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!** (SEND NO MONEY)
Remit with order and we pay postage, or C.O.D. plus postage.

Imagine
only
\$3.49
COMPLETE!

**SEND
COUPON!**

NOVELTY MART, Dept. SCC
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

- ☐ Sandy..... 3.98
- ☐ Blondie..... 2.98
- ☐ Puncho..... 2.98
- ☐ Remote Car..... 3.49
- ☐ Accordion.. 2.98

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

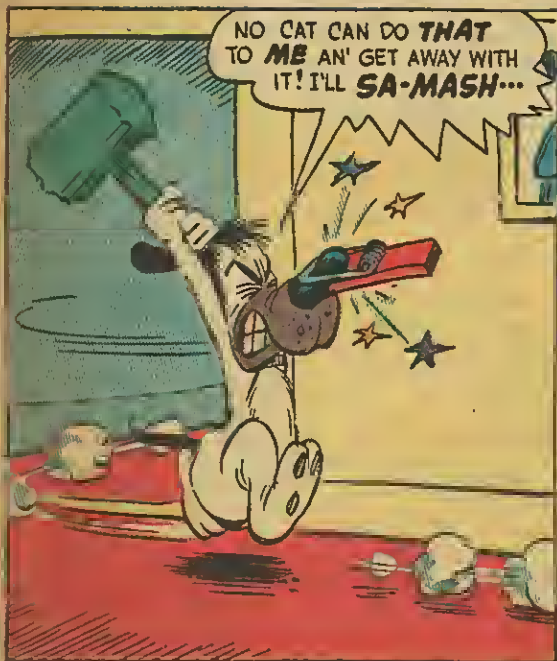
PUSS an' BOOTS

A
Funny
Films
Feature

SIT TIGHT, KIDS... THIS
OUGHTA BE A **DILLY** OF A
PICTURE!... IT'S JUST STARTIN',
AN' **ALREADY** I'VE GOT
BOOTS ALL RILED UP!

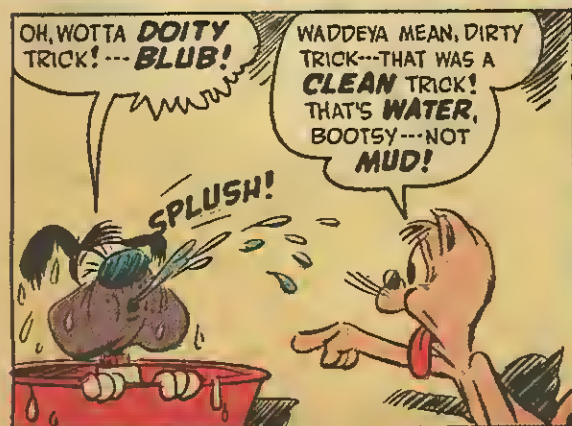
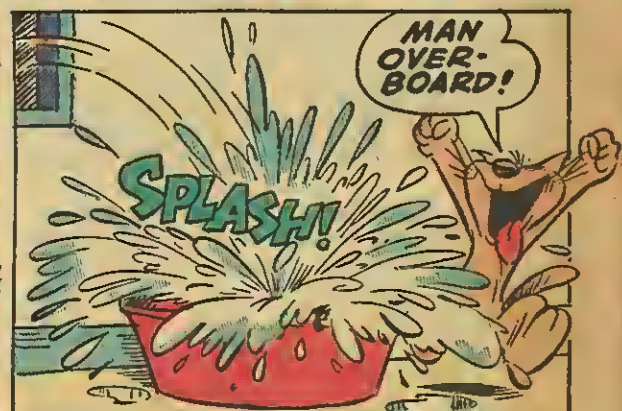
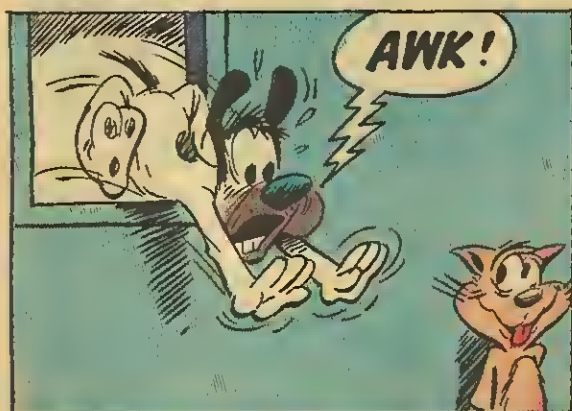
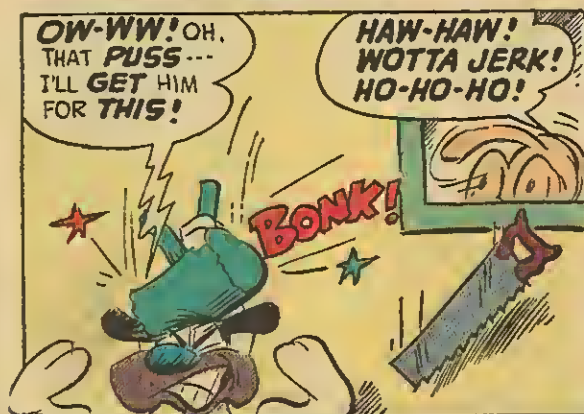
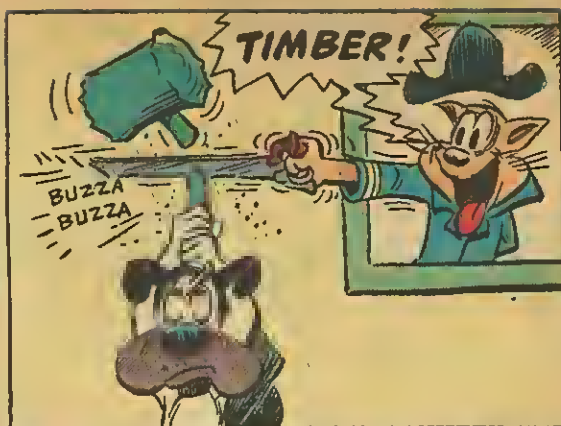
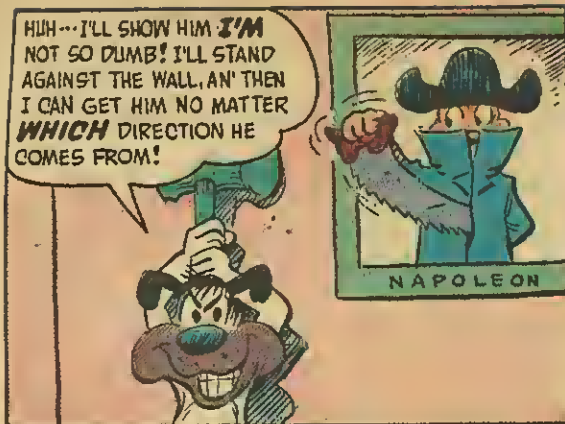


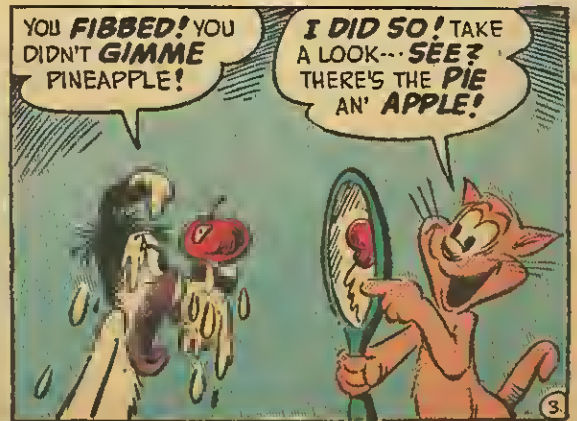
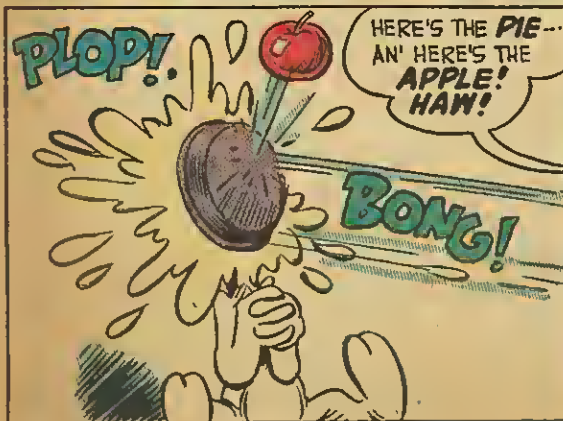
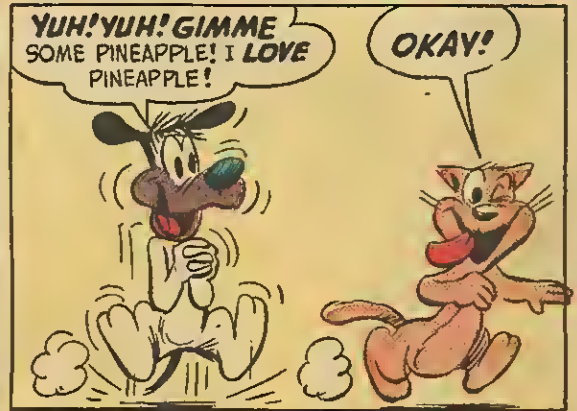
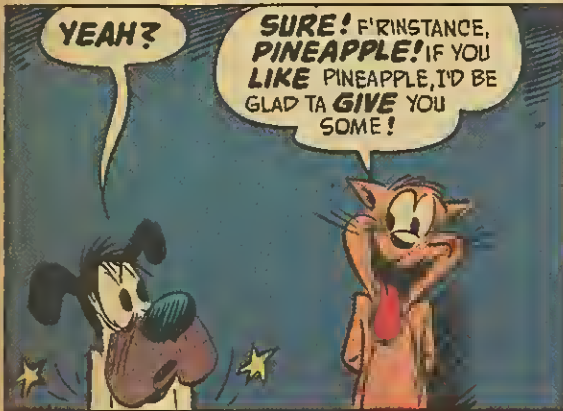
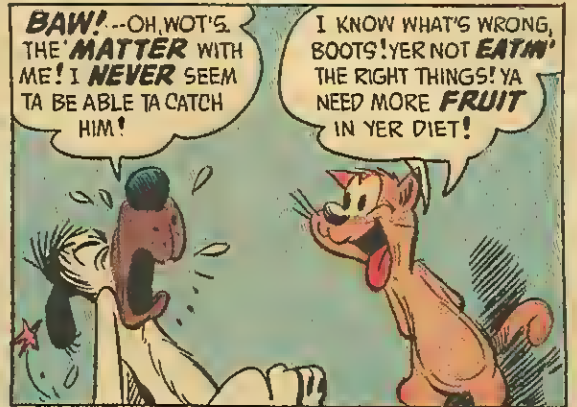
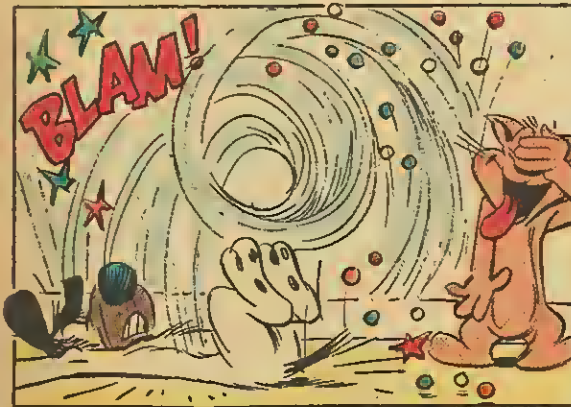
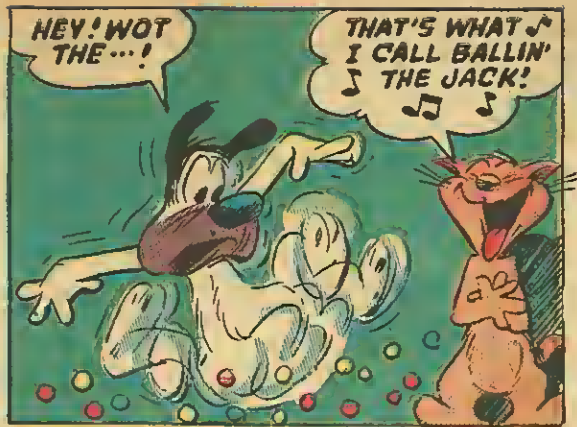
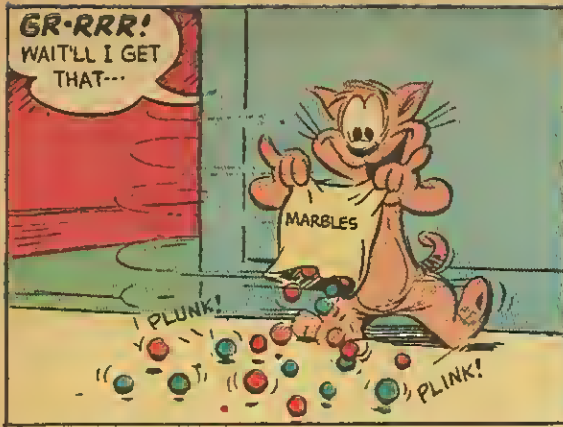
NO CAT CAN DO **THAT**
TO **ME** AN' GET AWAY WITH
IT! I'LL **SA-MASH**...

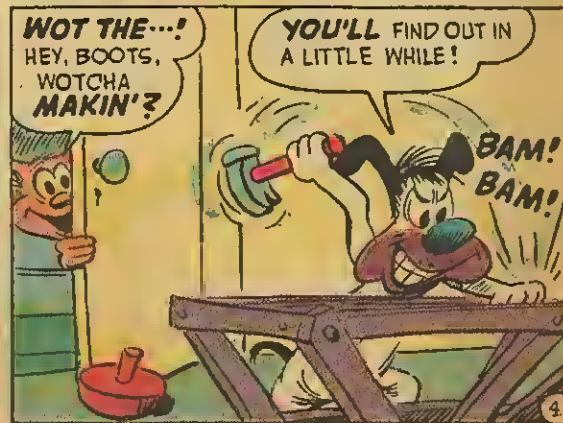
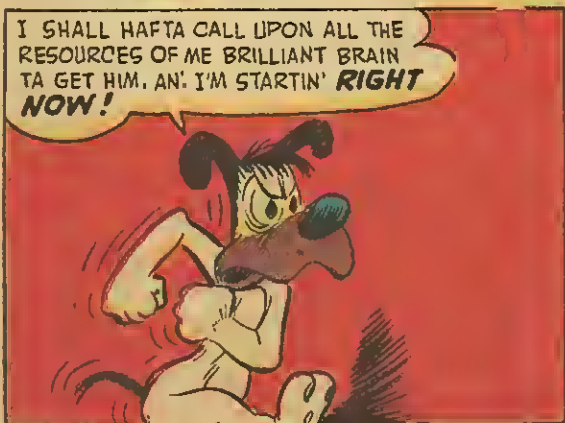
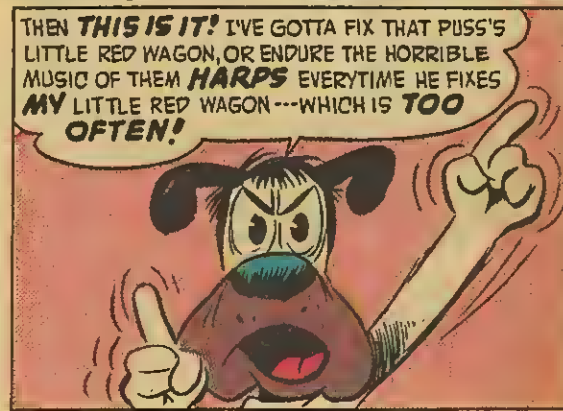
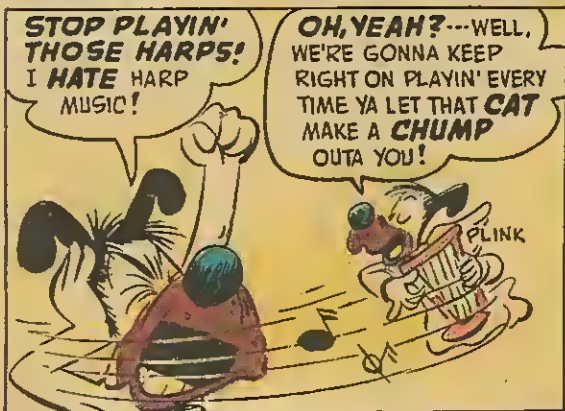
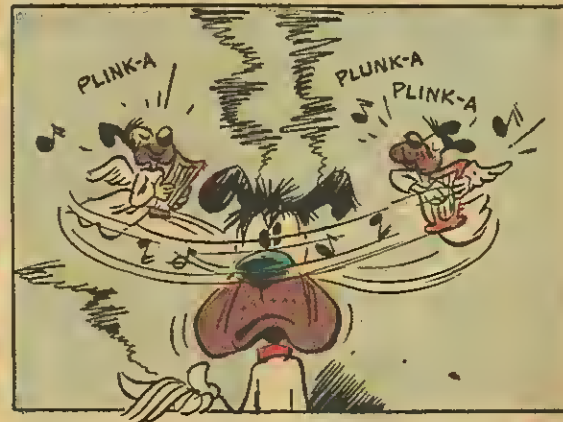
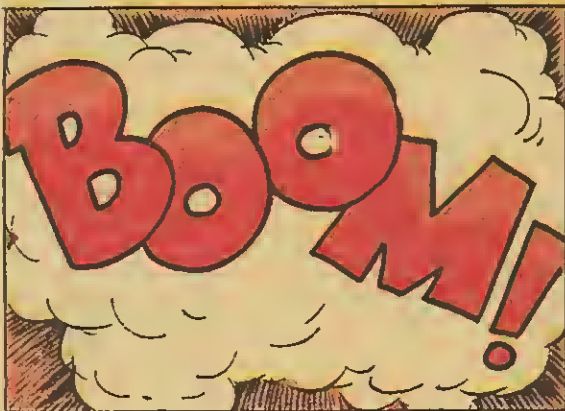


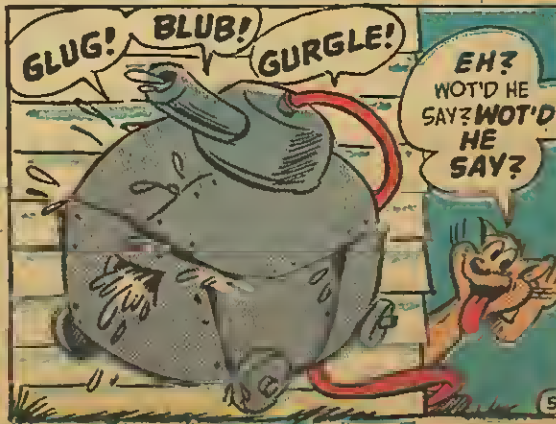
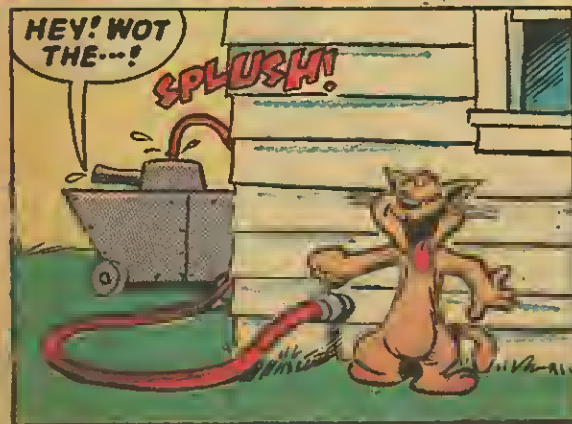
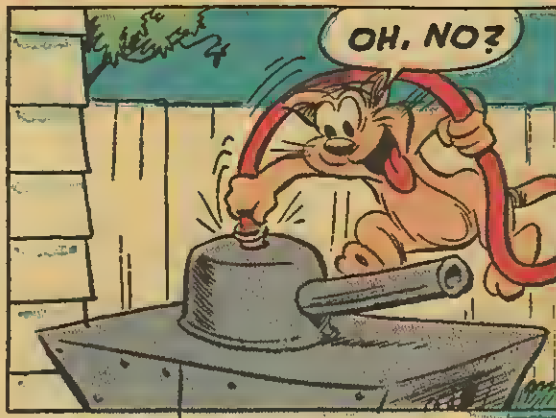
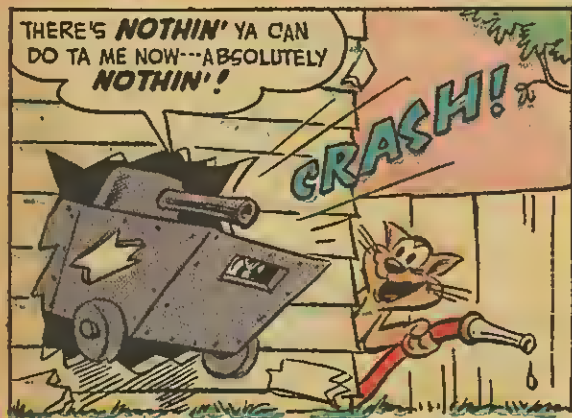
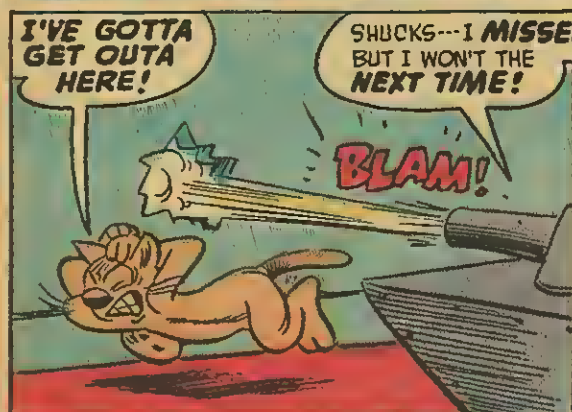
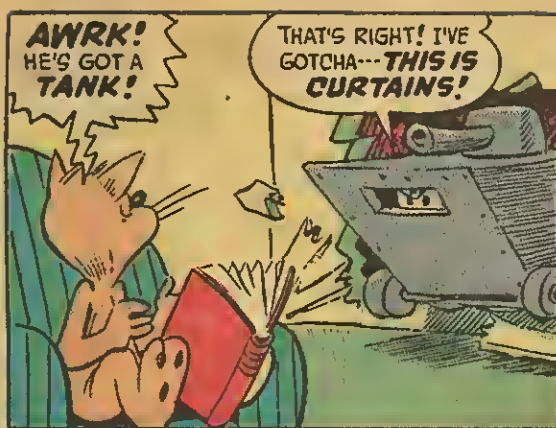
HEY! WHERE'D
HE GO... **WHERE'D**
HE GO?

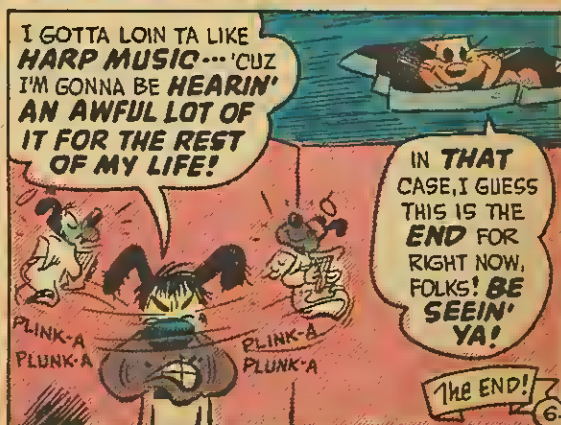
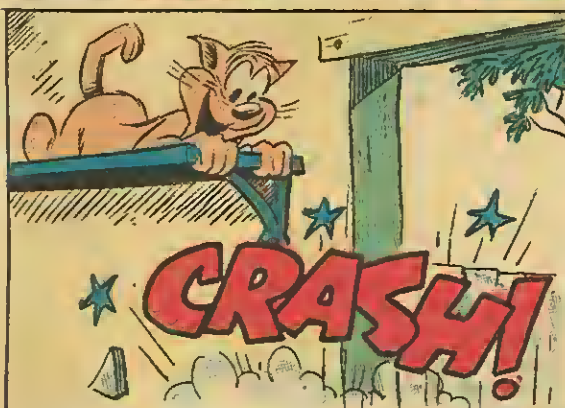
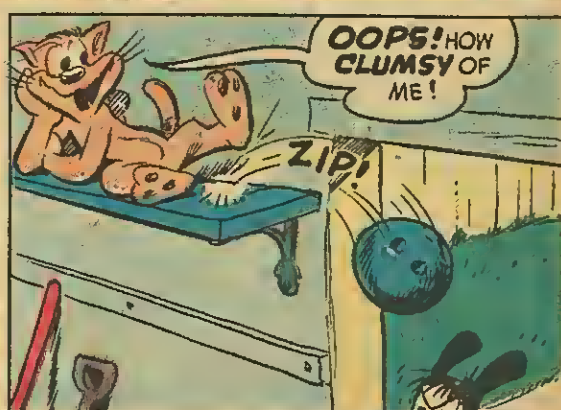
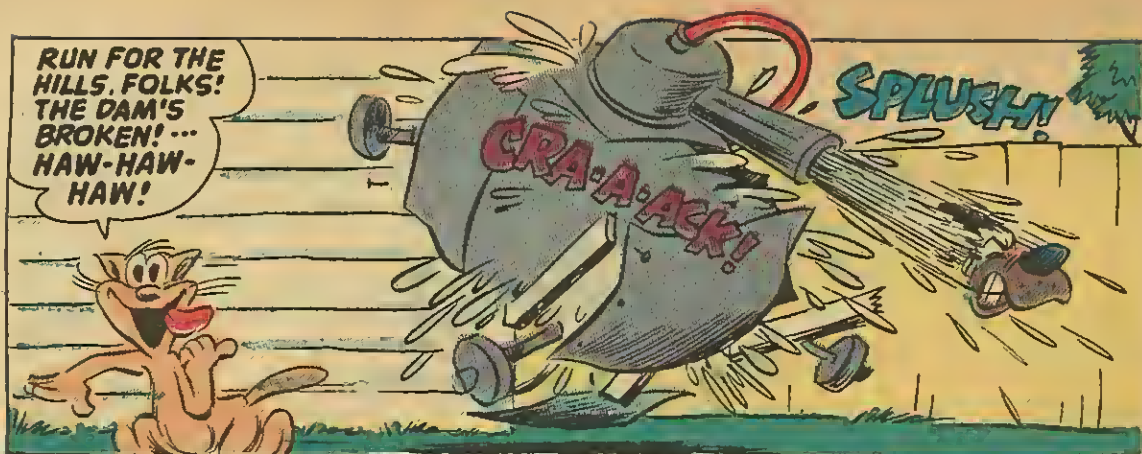










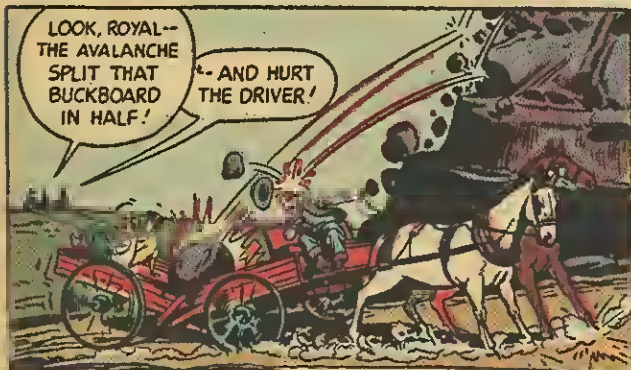


"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



BEATING THE
BROKEN
BUCKBOARD!



LOOK, ROYAL--
THE AVALANCHE
SPLIT THAT
BUCKBOARD
IN HALF!

-- AND HURT
THE DRIVER!

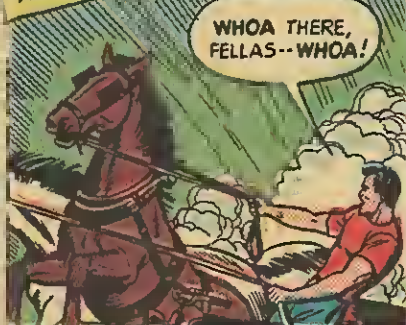


YOU BOYS CATCH UP WITH
THAT REAR SECTION, WHILE
I GO AFTER THE
FRONT HALF!

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL JETS OFF
AFTER THE FRIGHTENED
HORSES--



AND SOON--



WHOA THERE,
FELLAS--WHOA!

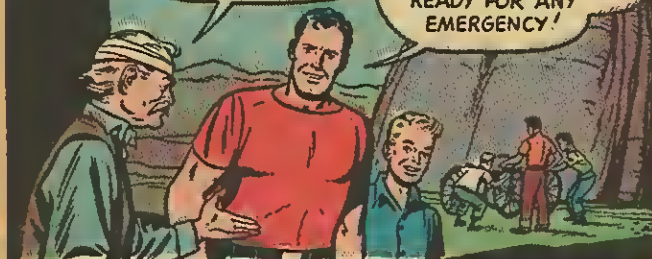
MEANWHILE, AFTER A DANGEROUS
DOWNHILL RACE, THE BIKE CLUB BOYS
BRING THEIR HALF OF THE ADVENTURE
TO A STOP!



LATER...

YOUR FAST ACTION
SAVED OUR LIVES! SAY,
ALL THAT SPEED MUST
BE PRETTY TOUGH ON
YOUR BIKE TIRES!

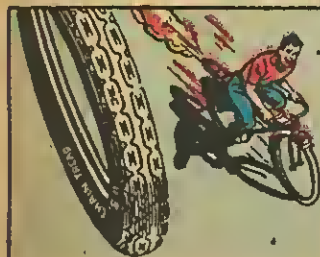
THAT'S WHY WE ALWAYS
INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES! THEY'RE
REALLY RUGGED--AND
READY FOR ANY
EMERGENCY!



FELLAS, WHEN YOU GO FOR ALL-
OUT SPEED, YOU WANT TO BE
SURE EVERYTHING'S UNDER
CONTROL. FOR REAL CONTROL
AT TOP SPEED, INSIST ON U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN!



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN
REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"
... SAYS U.S. ROYAL.



U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN
GIVE YOU TOP PERFORMANCE
AND PERFECT CONTROL... AND
MORE MILEAGE, TOO! WHY NOT
TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

PUSS REFORMS

"I" said Puss to himself thoughtfully, "have been a *bad egg*! I'm *ashamed* of myself! Playin' all those tricks on poor Boots, chasin' him, knockin' him out! Now that I think of it, I haven't been very nice . . . but I'm gonna *change* all that! Yessir! I'm gonna *reform*!"

Maybe it was the sun, all warm and mellow, maybe it was the sight of poor Boots, catching a quiet nap a few feet away, maybe it was Puss's better nature, coming through at last! Nobody knows. But there was no doubt that Puss felt very sorry for his past misdeeds and mischief and was ready to put a stop to all that nonsense.

"The first thing I'm gonna do is *bury* all my junk, so even if I *wanna* play a trick on Boots, I won't be able to!" he said.

Gathering up his supplies, Puss carried them to a spot beneath a large tree. In his arms, he had several small sticks of dynamite, a box of large wooden matches, a handful of thumbtacks, some wire, lots of noise-makers and a heavy wooden mallet.

As Puss began to shovel into the earth, Boots opened one drowsy eye and then the other . . . wide! Why, what was Puss up to *this* time? What was he doin' with all that junk, planin' another trick on him? Hmm . . . looked like dynamite, an' matches an' lots of unpleasant stuff!

"Well!" exclaimed Boots. "Thought he could put one over on me while I wuz asleep, huh? Well, he won't catch me nappin' *this* time!"

Waiting until Puss had dropped all of the stuff into the hole and covered it with earth again, Boots tip-toed up behind him and shouted, "Boo!"

Puss jumped. "Ob, it's you, pal!" he exclaimed as he came to earth. "Look, chum, I've decided to bury the batchet an' . . ."

"Ob, *no* ya don't! You're not foolin' me!" Boots snarled. "Gimme the shovel! I'm gonna dig that stuff up again!"

"No, no, no, you don't understand!" Puss cried. "I'm only tryin' to fix things so we'll never . . ."

"Save your breath!" Boots advised him, seizing the shovel and digging furiously. "You're always up ta somethin'! Well, this time I'm too *smart* for ya, see? This time, I'm too . . ."

The shovel must have hit the matches buried below, for suddenly . . . *blam! crash! pow!* The ground beneath Boots exploded, sending him into the air so high that he was a mere speck! And then . . . *blam! crash! pow!* . . . back to earth with a thud that knocked him out!

When Boots came to, Puss was fanning him and saying anxiously, "I'm sorry, Boots, it wuz an accident, believe me!"

"You *tricked* me!" Boots said. "An' I'll get even!" He aimed a blow at Puss.

Slowly, Puss picked up the wooden mallet that Boots had dug up. "I see that I just *can't* reform!" he said. "Okay, Boots, if that's how ya want it, start *runnin'*! We're *back ta normal* again!"

WHOO-DOODIT

FUNNY FILMS PRESENT



THIS IS MY
GREATEST
CASE, KIDS!
NO KIDDIN'!

"WHOO-DOODIT"
WORLD'S GREATEST
DETECTIVE!

THAT'S HIM!
THAT'S HIM!
WOW!!

SHUT UP,
WILL YA?
WE CAN SEE
IT'S WHOO-
DOODIT!



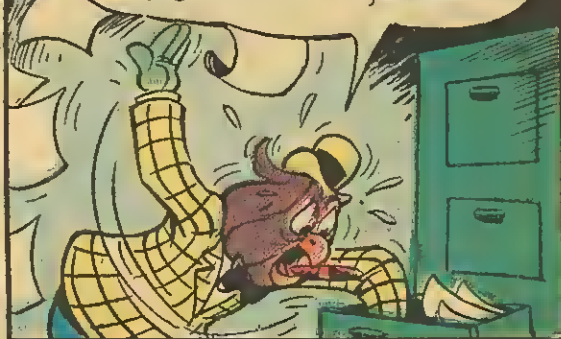
"WHOO-DOODIT"
IN THE

CASE OF THE
DISAPPEARING
CHEWING GUM!

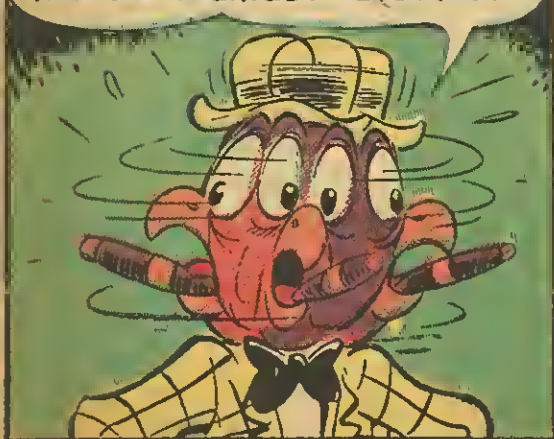


I HOPE
HE DOESN'T
GET STUCK
ON THIS
CASE!

WHERE DID IT GO? IT MUST
BE AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE!
--- IT'S MY PRIZE POSSESSION!

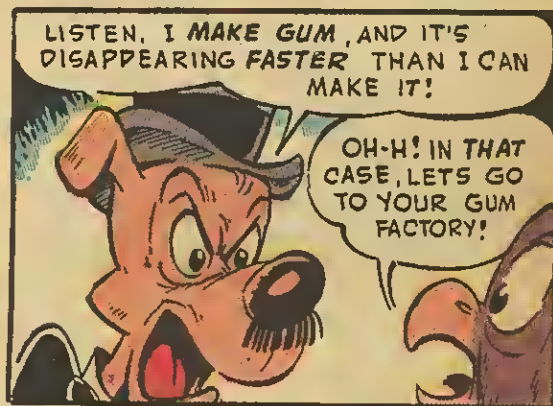
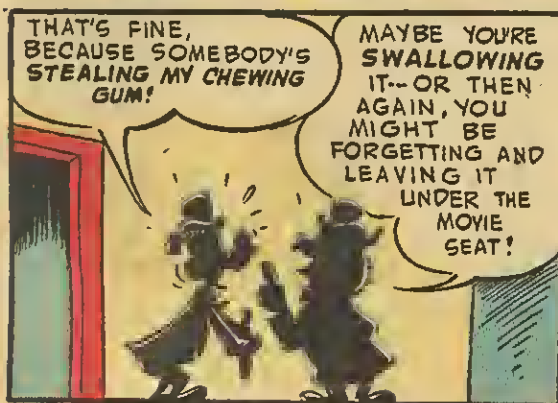
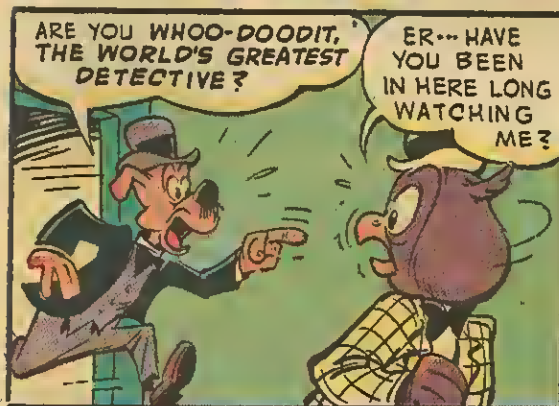


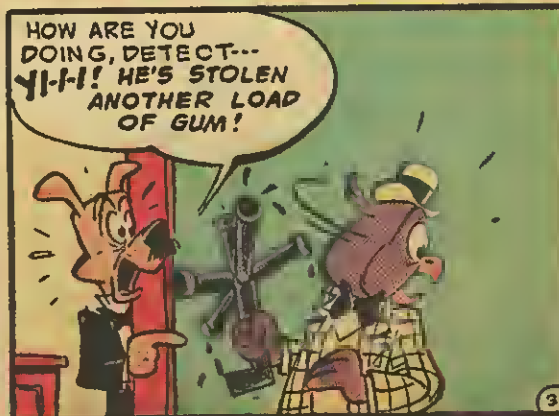
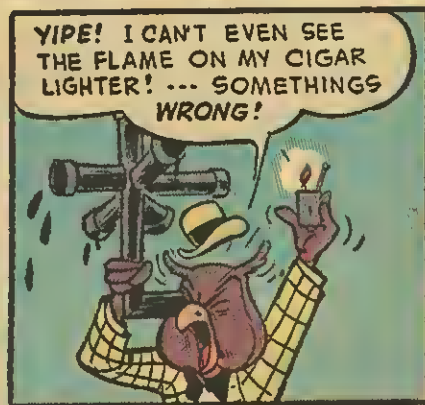
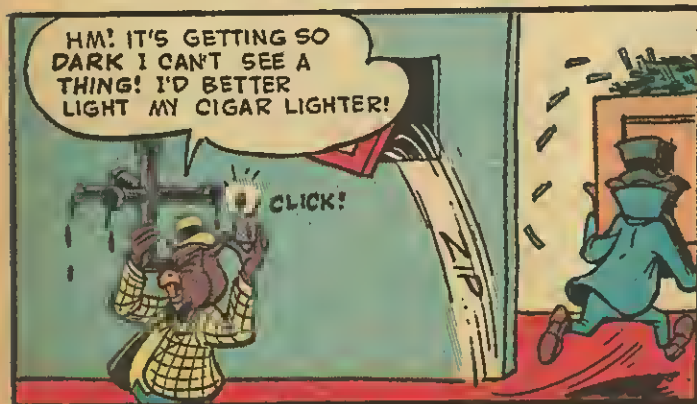
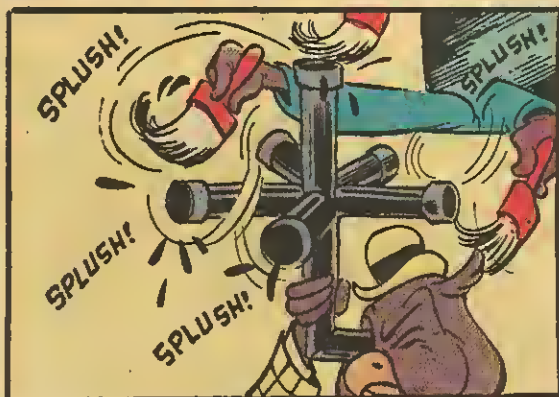
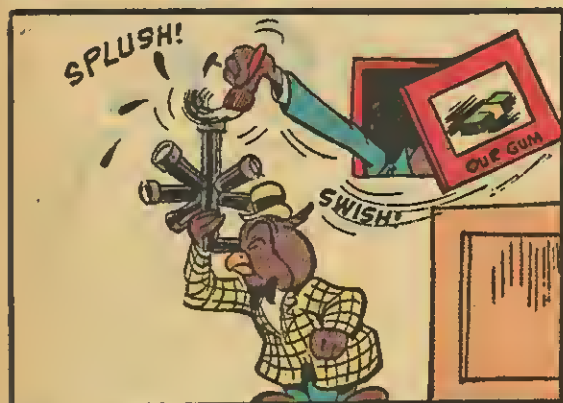
MAYBE --- MAYBE --- SOMEONE HAS
HAD THE NERVE TO ROB ME, THE
WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE!

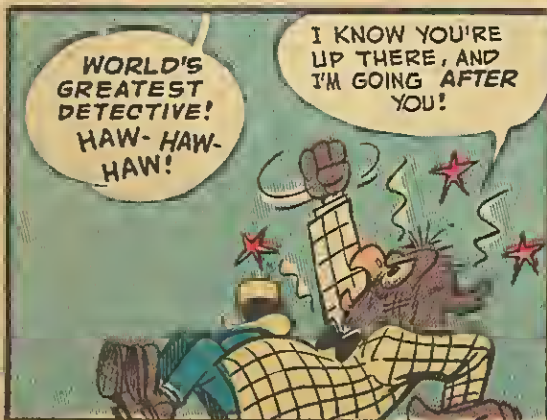
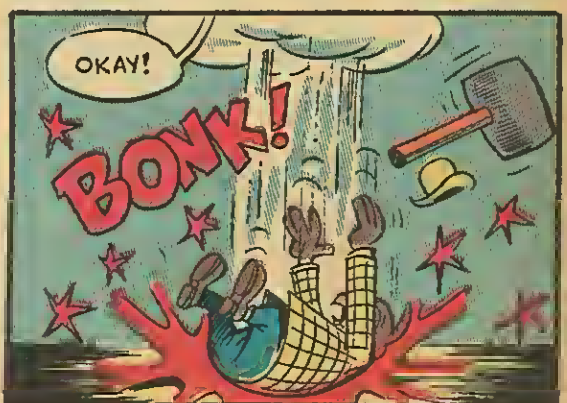
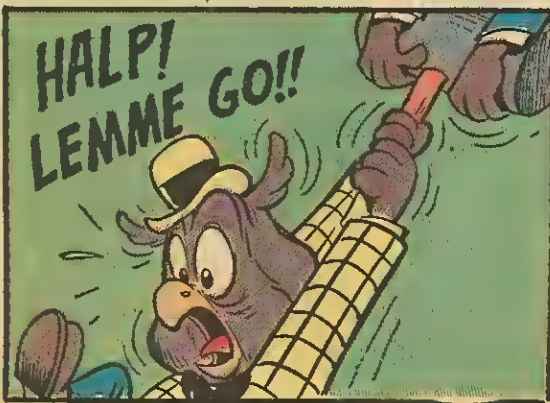
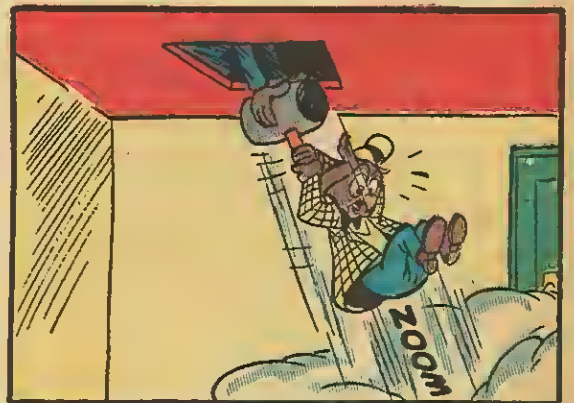
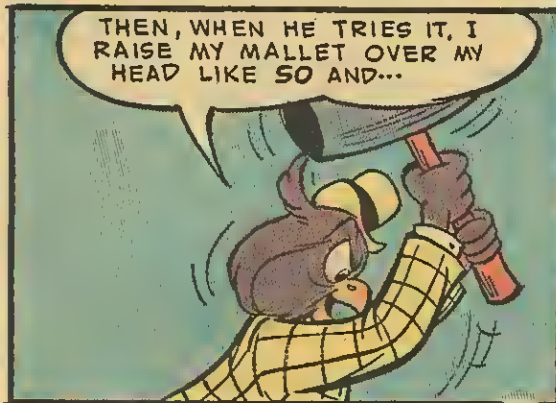
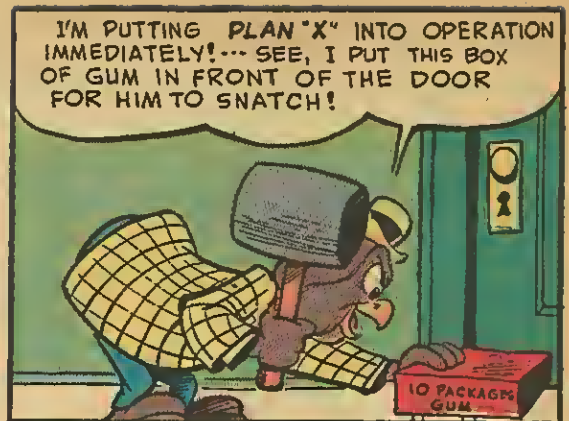
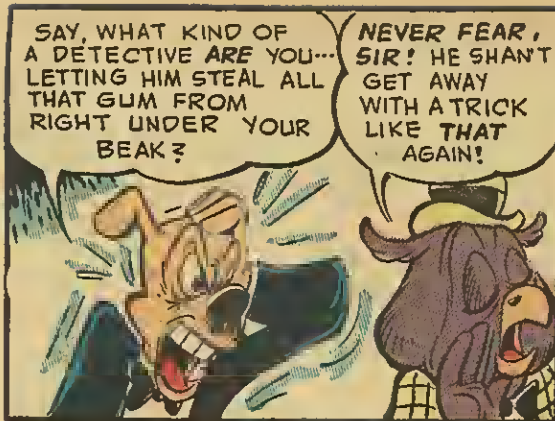


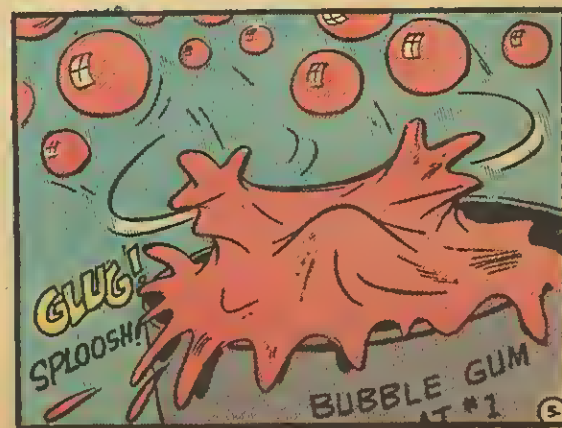
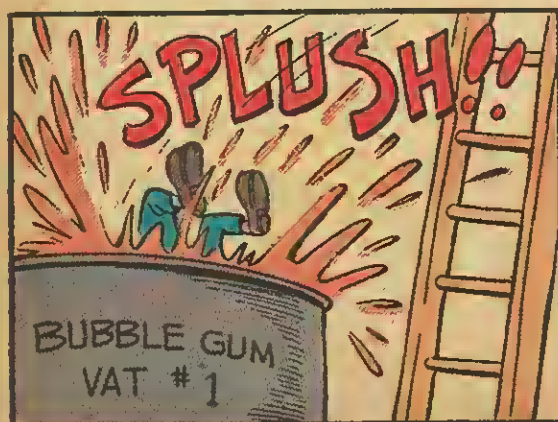
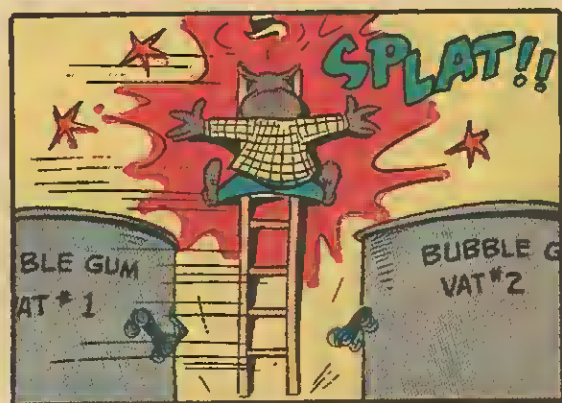
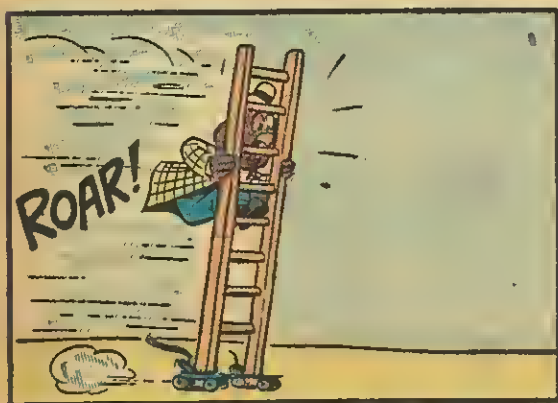
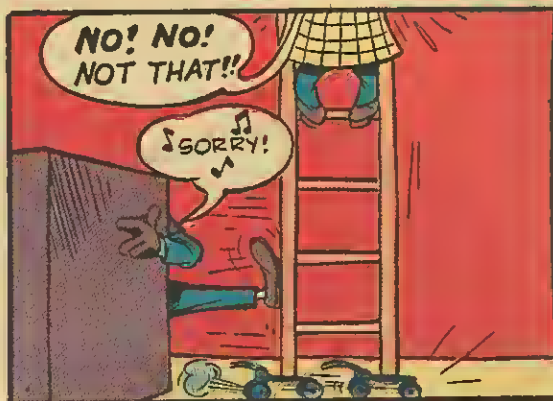
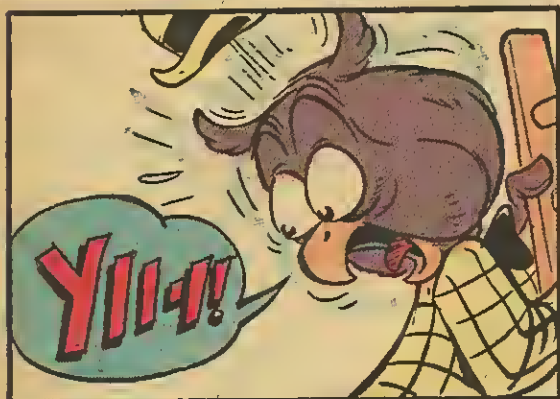
AHA! THERE HE IS! I'VE CAUGHT
HIM RED-HANDED WITH MY PROPERTY!
---OKAY, YOU! HAND OVER
MY CIGAR!

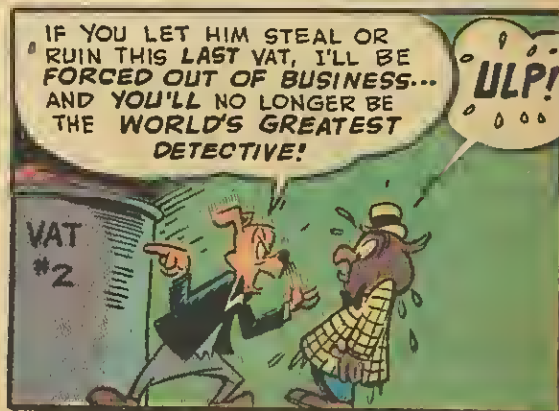
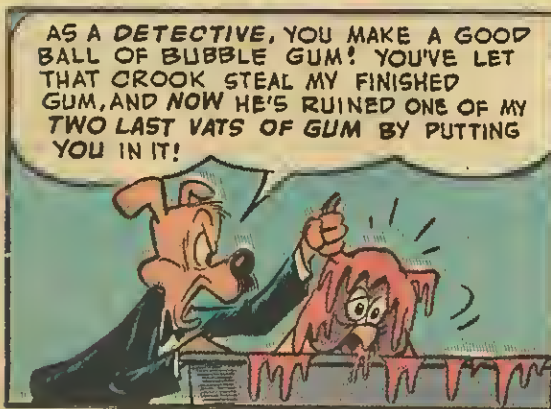
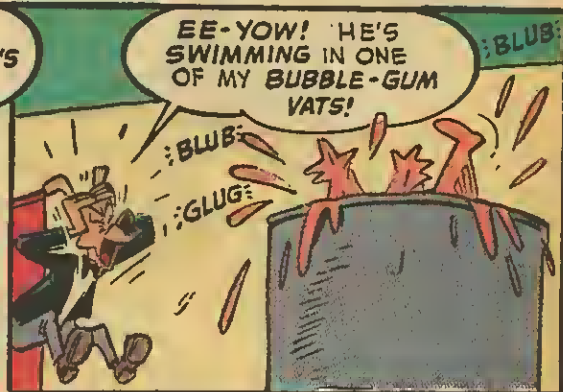
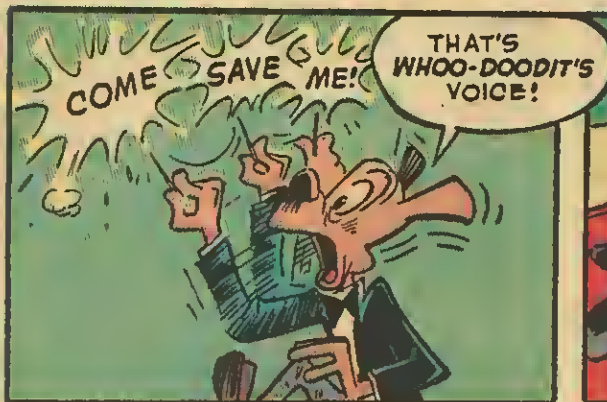
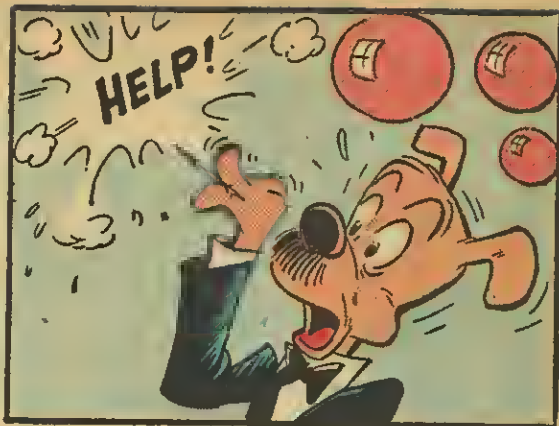
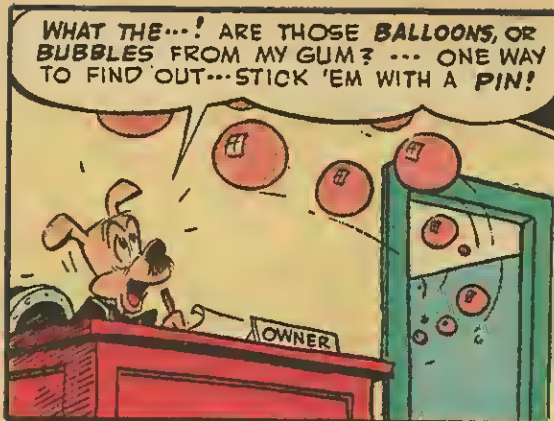


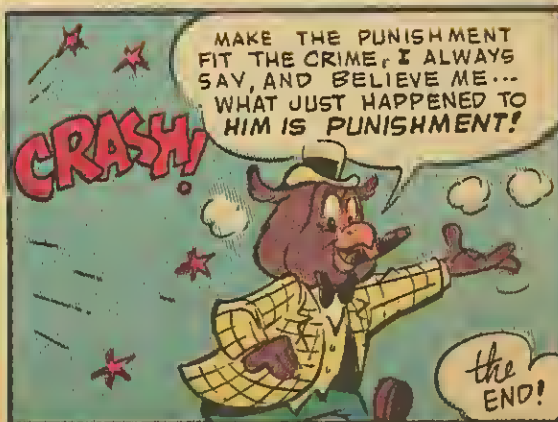
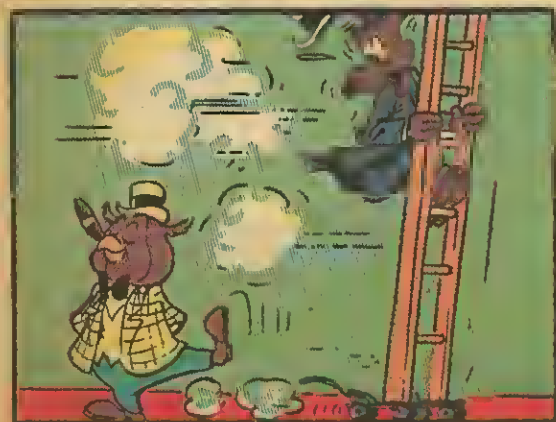
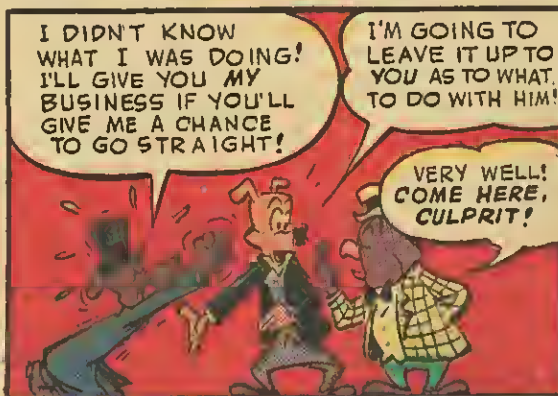
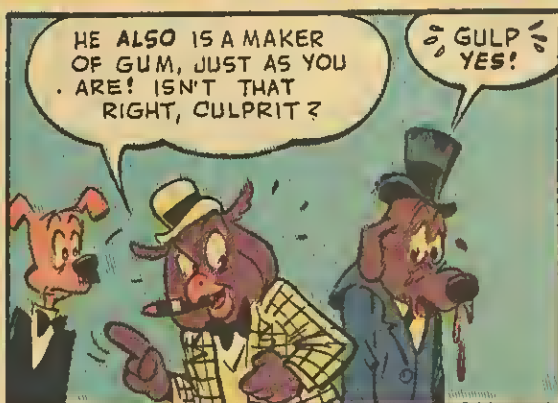
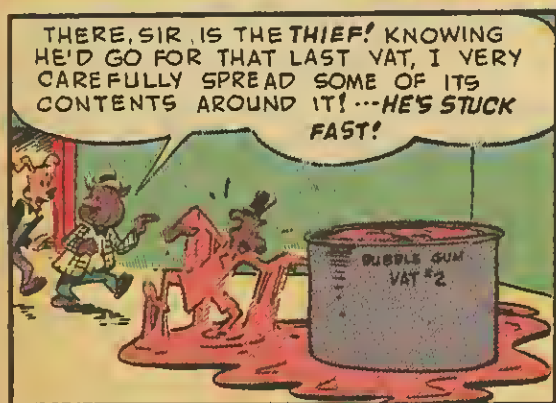
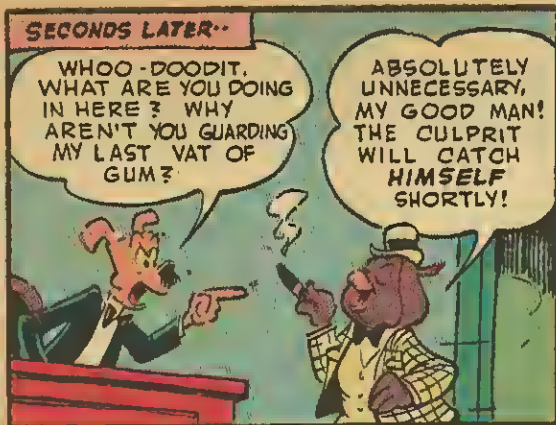












Blunderbunny's SLEEPING PILL

“YAWN! NNN!” Bunky’s mouth opened so wide, that his face almost disappeared from view.

“What’s the matter with you, Bunky, sleepy?” Blunderbunny asked.

Bunky yawned again. “Sleepy’s no word for it,” he sighed. “I don’t know what’s wrong with me, Blunderbunny! I haven’t been able to sleep for three whole days and nights and I can’t *stand* it any more! My eyes keep closin’, I snore instead of talkin’ an’ I keep yawnin’ all the time. But I can’t *sleep*!”

Blunderbunny snapped his fingers. “Nonsense!” he said. “Think nothing of it! It so happens that I have an invention, personally invented by me, that will make you sleep like a baby!”

“Have you? *Really?*” Bunky’s eyes were hopeful. “Gosh, I’d give *anything* to be able to sleep!”

“Then just swallow *this!*” Blunderbunny produced from his pocket an enormous pill, quite the biggest pill that Bunky had ever seen. “Just swallow *this!*” he repeated.

Bunky hesitated. The pill was so large that he didn’t see how he could swallow it! But he was so tired and so sleepy, that he put the pill into his mouth and gulped.

“Oh. Oh. Oh!” he managed to gasp. “It’s *stuck!*”

Sure enough, the huge pill was stuck in Bunky’s throat and refused to budge. Blunderbunny could see it, like an Adam’s apple.

Bunky was *very* uncomfortable. He gurgled and choked and tried his best to swallow, but the pill would not go down. Blunderbunny advised him to drink some water, but even that didn’t help.

Finally, Bunky became desperate. He began to pound himself on the back, so that the pill would budge. He smacked himself and he slapped himself, but nothing happened. Then, in desperation, Bunky socked himself on the chest . . . *hard!*

In fact, he hit himself so hard, that he staggered into the wall with a crash. Above him, a mirror shook on the wall and then, *zoom!* It came crashing down, hitting Bunky square in the middle of his head, and the pill popped out of his mouth!

For one instant, Bunky remained upright. Then, smiling happily, he slid to the floor, his eyes closing and a dreamy snore emerging from his lips.

He was asleep at last!

As for Blunderbunny, he was as proud as ever he had been!

“How do ya like *that?*” he grinned, patting Bunky on his sleeping head. “My *invention* worked!”

BLUNDERBUNNY

A Funny
Films
Feature

HEY
THAT'S NOT
BLUNDERBUNNY!

NO---IT'S HIS
FRIEND BUNKY!
BLUNDERBUNNY'S
OUTSIDE THE
WINDOW!

WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE
ABOUT SO EARLY IN THE
MORNIN'. HUH, BLUNDER-
BUNNY? CUT IT OUT---
I'M TRYIN' TA SLEEP!

I'M JUST
COMPLETING
MY GREATEST
INVENTION!

YER GREATEST
INVENTION? JEEPERS.
WOT IS IT **THIS** TIME,
BLUNDERBUNNY?

THE VERY THING THE
WORLD'S BEEN WAITING
FOR!--I SPENT MONTHS
FIGURING OUT WHAT
FOLKS NEEDED---AND
NOW I'VE GOT IT!

WOW! WHEN'LL
YA BE DONE---AN'
WOT IS IT?

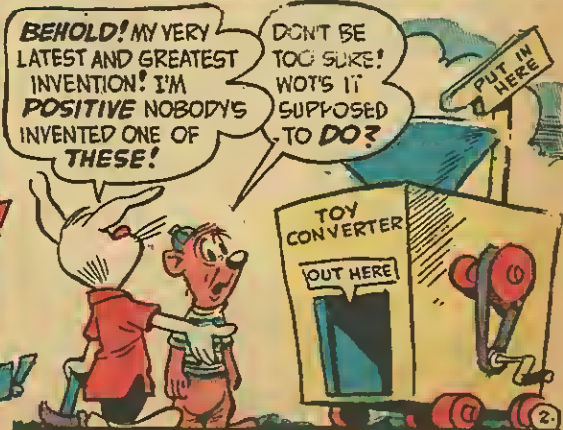
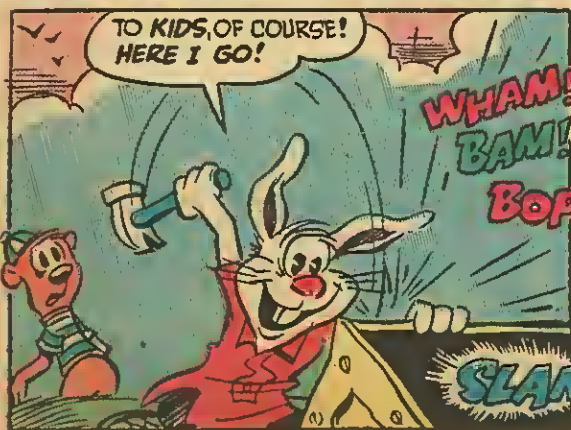
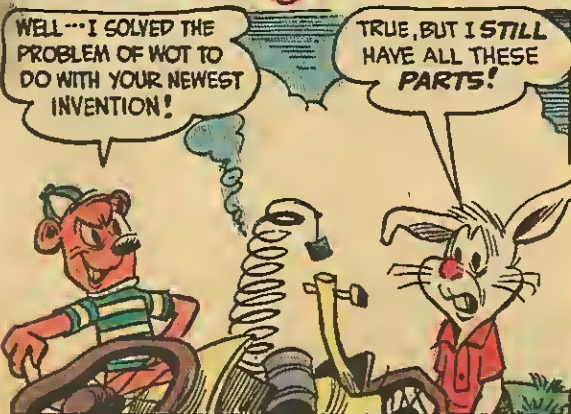
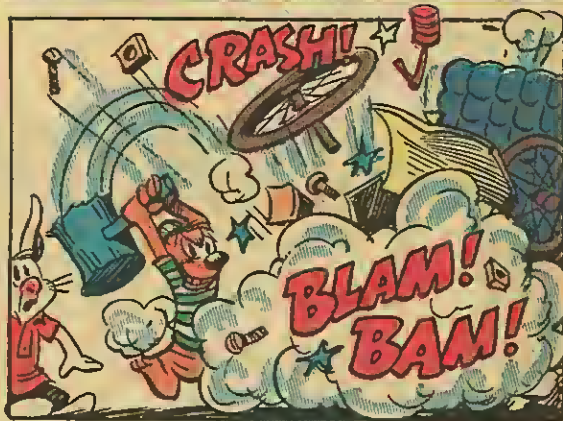
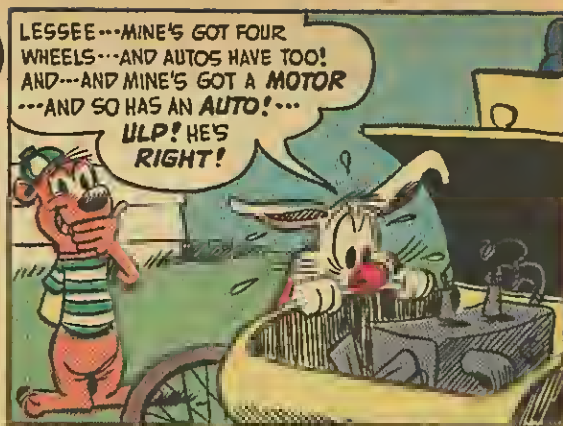
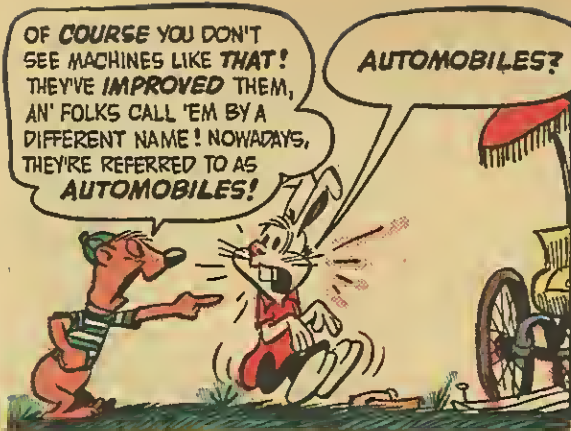
I'M DONE NOW,
AND I THINK I'LL
CALL IT A---A---

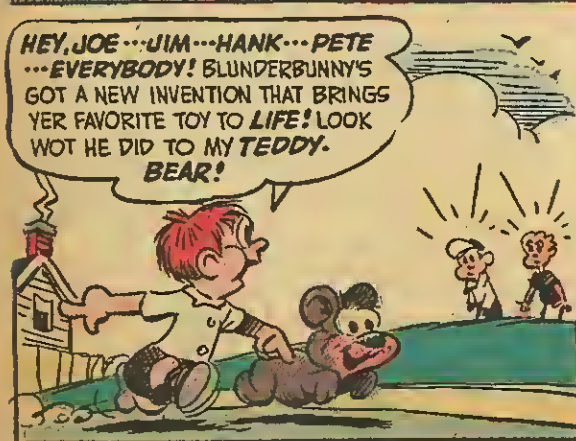
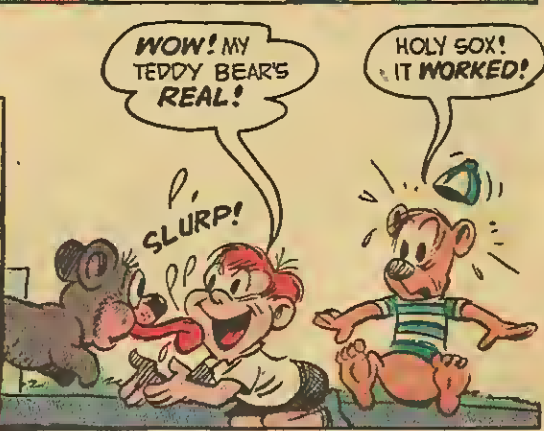
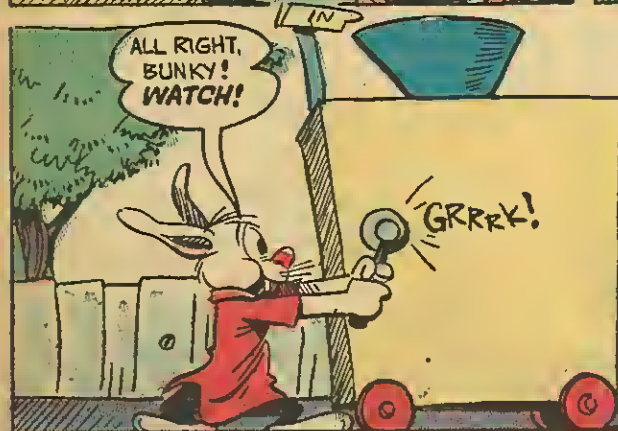
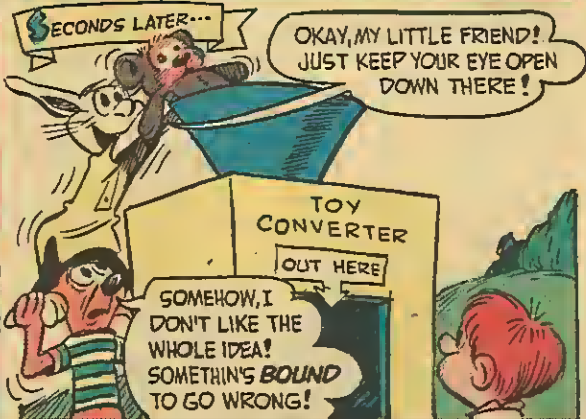
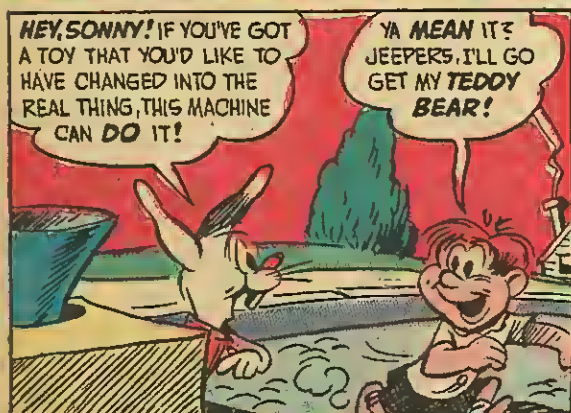
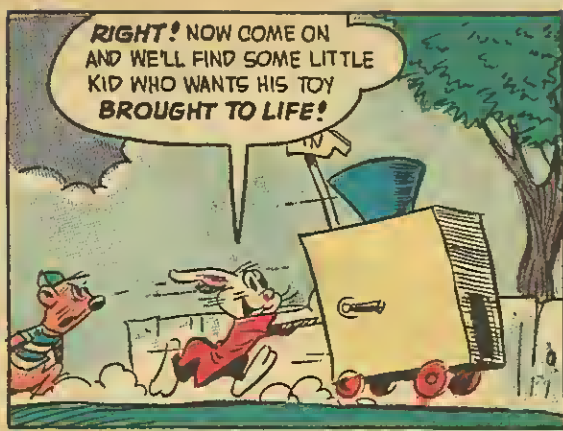
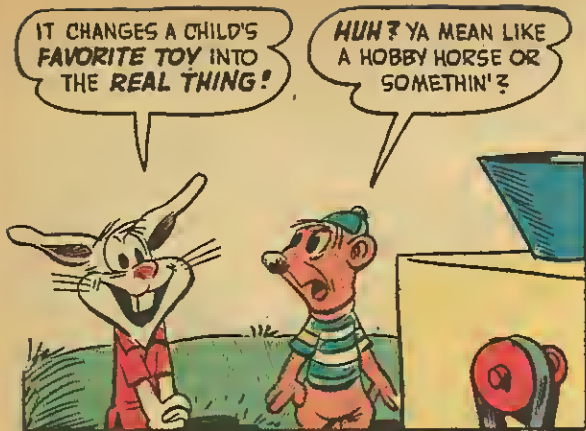
A
WHAT?

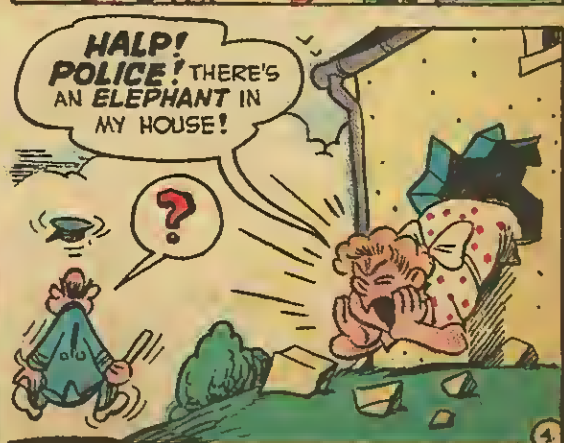
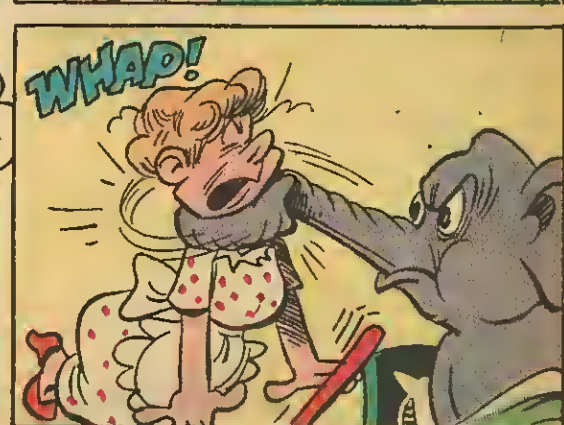
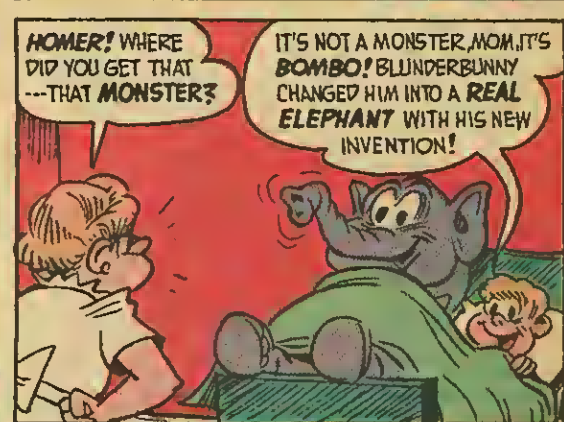
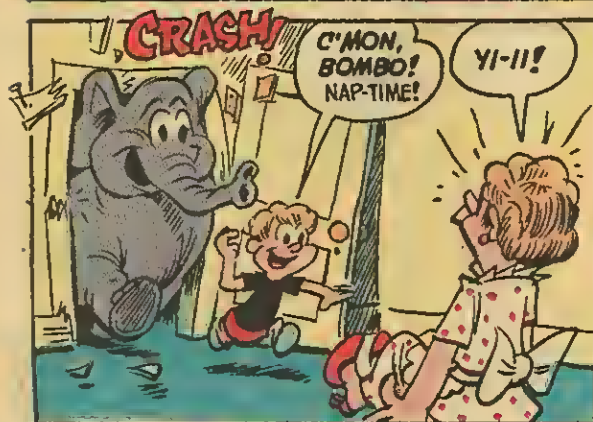
A HORSELESS
CARRIAGE! AND
THERE IT IS---KEEN,
HUH?

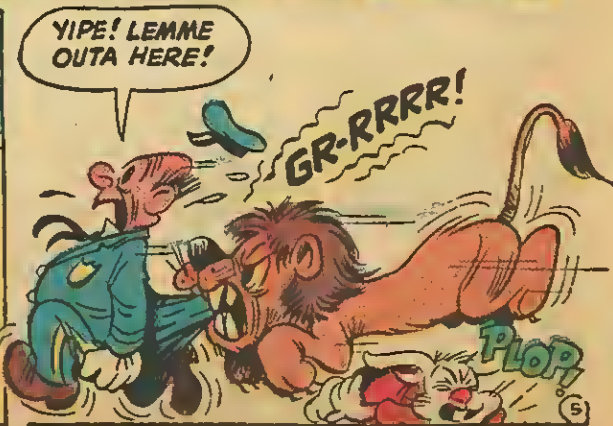
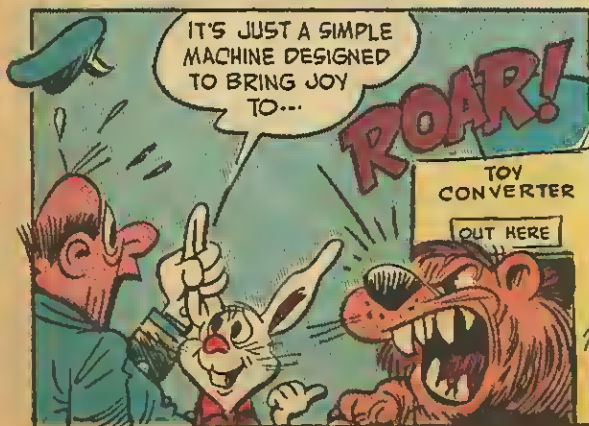
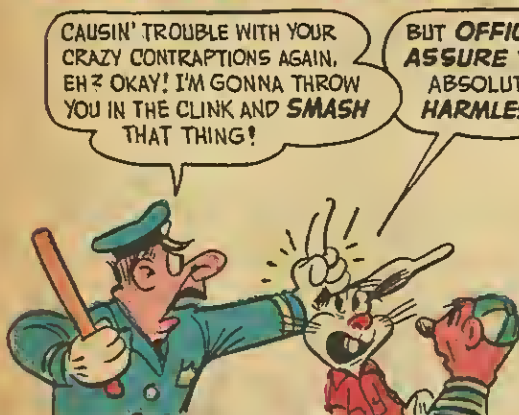
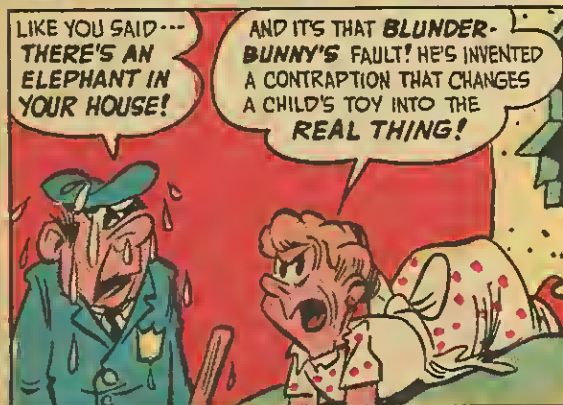
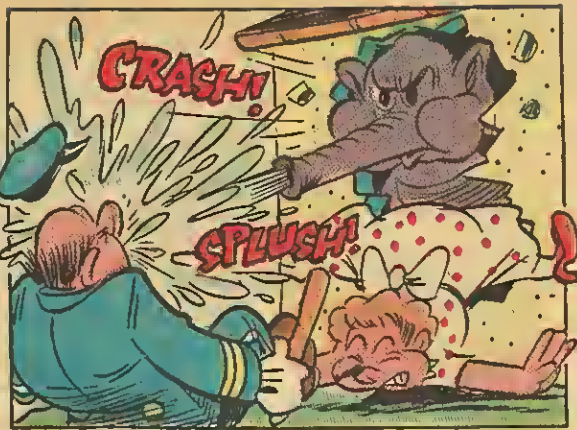
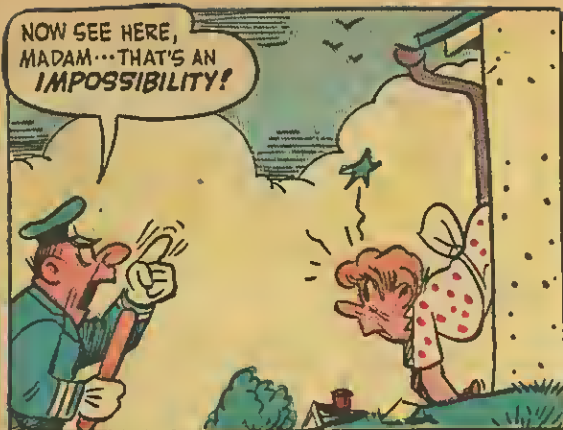
I GOT NEWS FOR
YA, B.B.! SOMEBODY
INVENTED ONE OF
THEM THINGS
YEARS AGO!

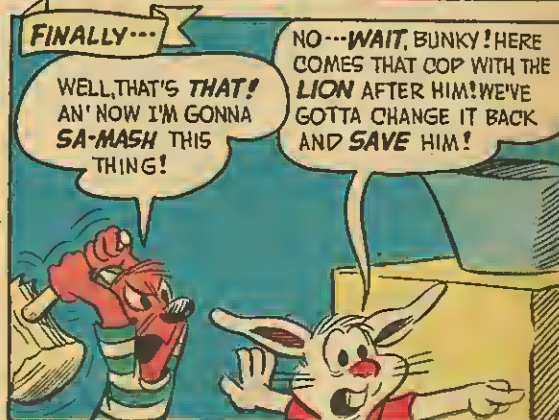
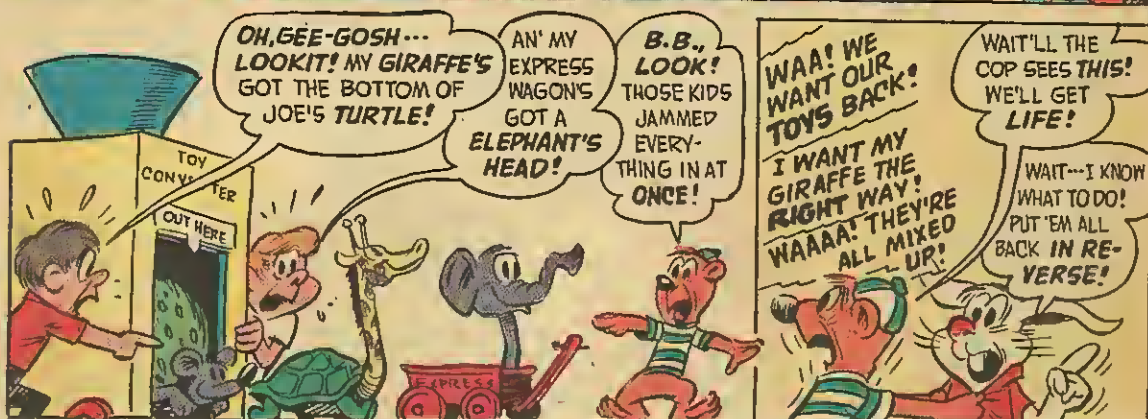
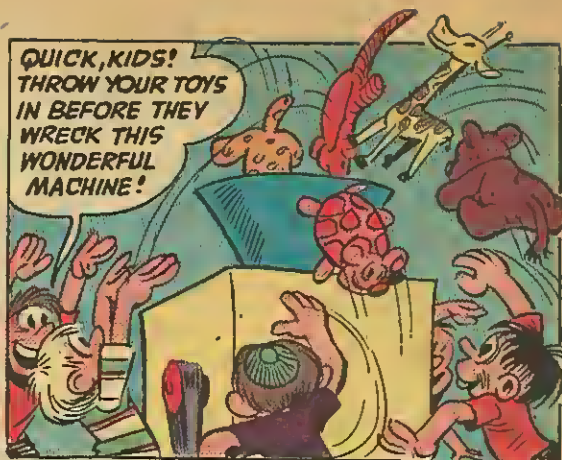
OH, COME NOW!
YOU KNOW VERY
WELL YOU DON'T
SEE MACHINES LIKE
THIS AROUND!...
YOU'RE JUST
SAYING
THAT!

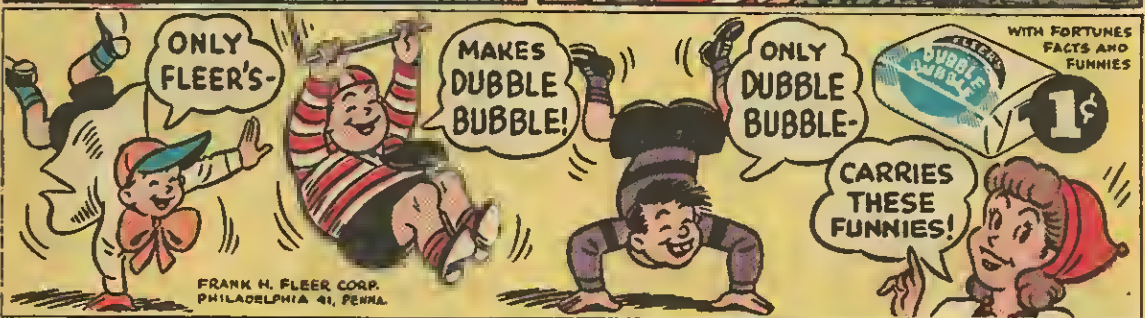
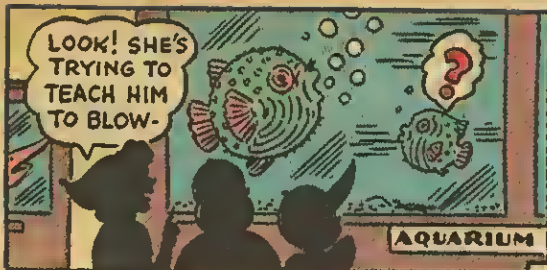












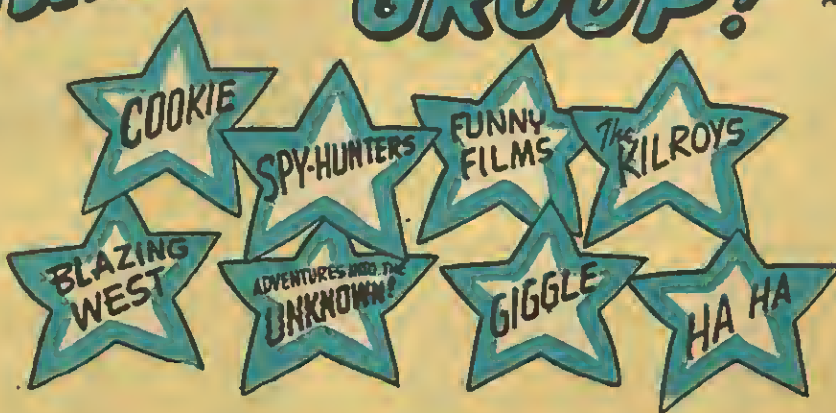
For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



ALL BIG
52
PAGES



They're the terrific titans...
THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!

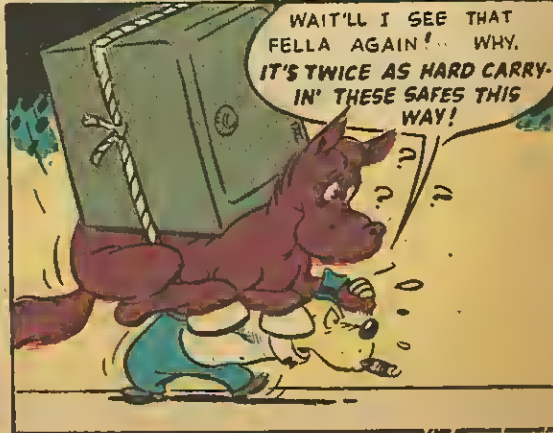
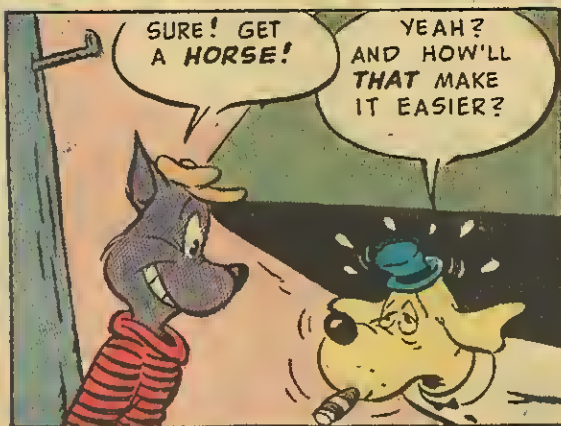
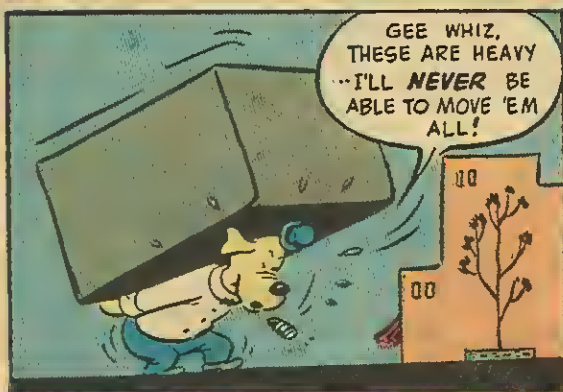
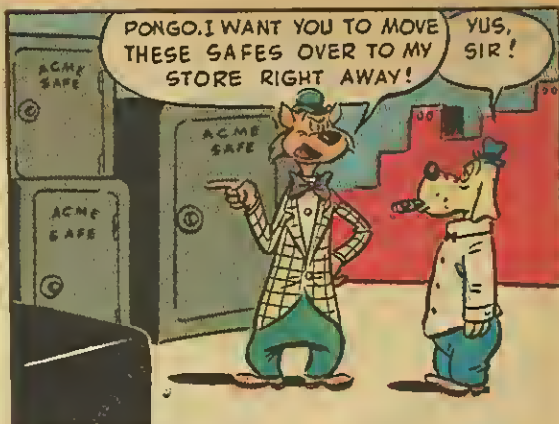


READ THEM ALL
...REGULARLY...
Read **AMERICAN!**

PONGO



A FUNNY FILMS SHORT



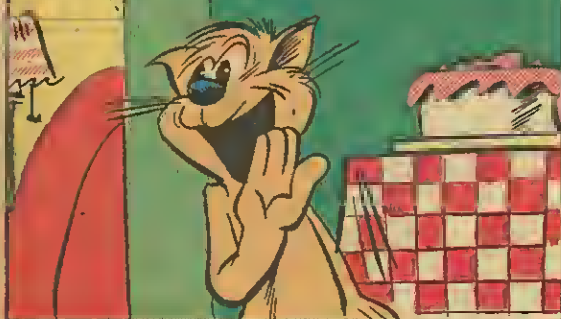
PUSS AN' BOOTS

A Funny Films
... Feature ...

LA-TEE-TOO...
THERE, FINISHED!

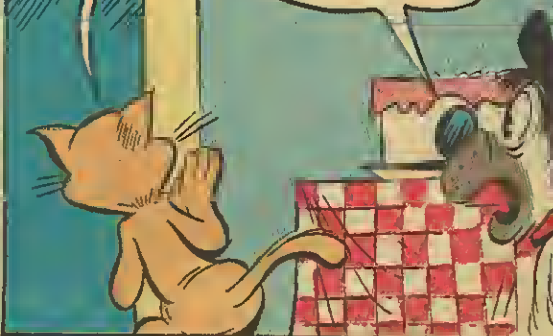


OH, BOOTS! BOOTSY,
BOY!...C'MERE! I'VE
GOT A **SURPRISE** FOR
YOU!



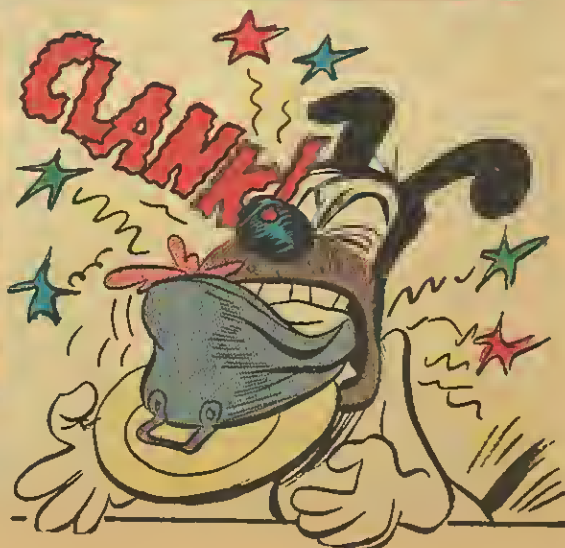
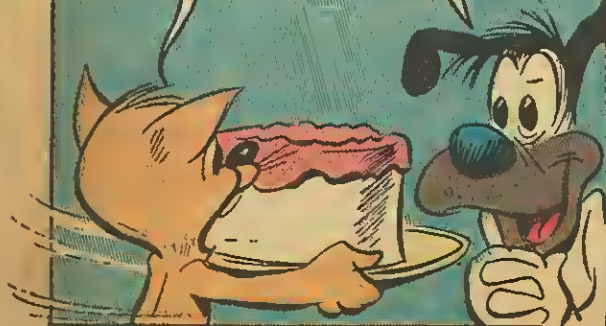
WHERE **IS** THAT
DOPEY GUY?...
BOOTSY!

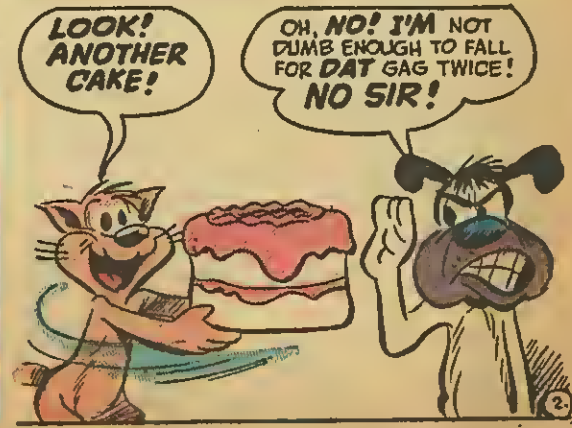
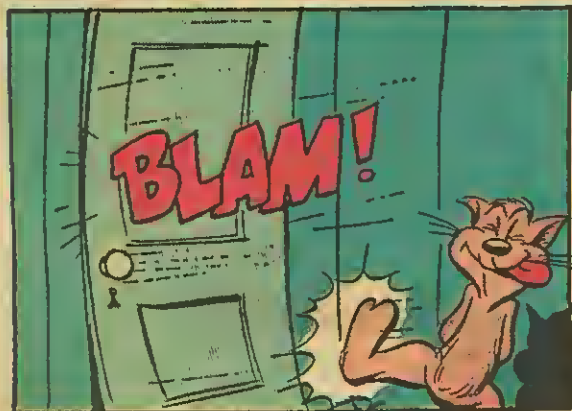
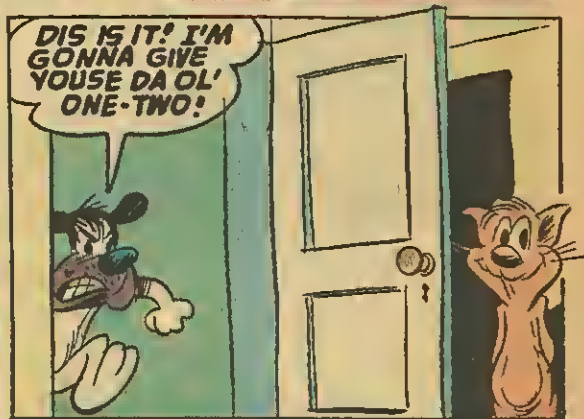
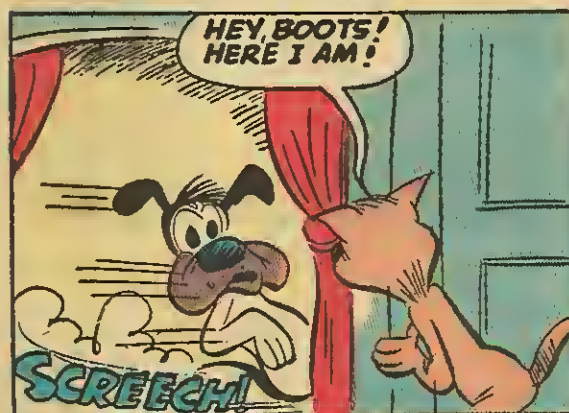
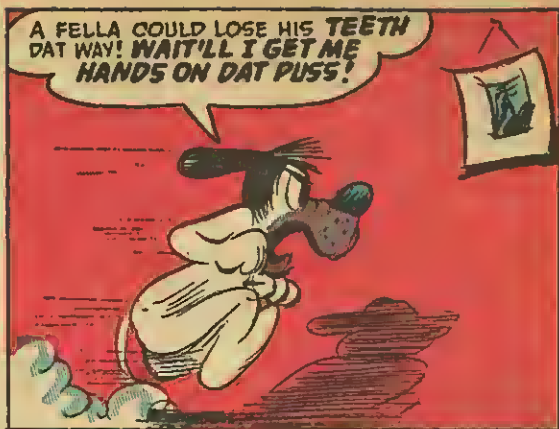
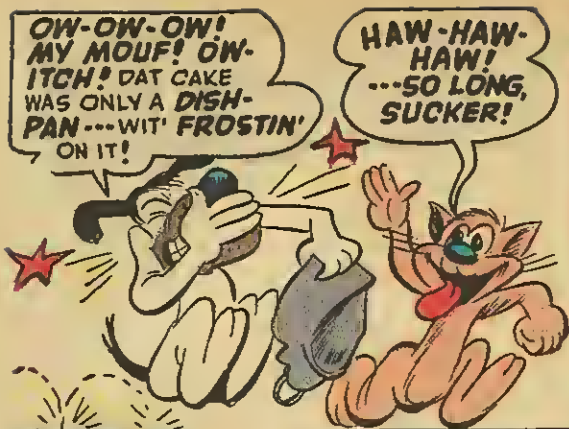
I'M **RIGHT HERE!**
I'M TOO **SMART** TA
COME IN WHERE YA
CALLED ME FROM! YA
MIGHT PLAY A **DOITY**
TRICK ON ME!

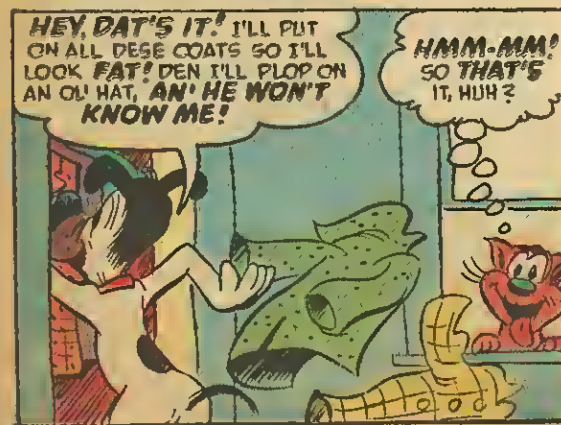
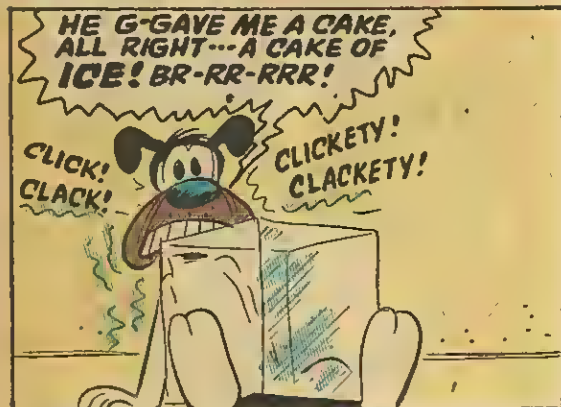
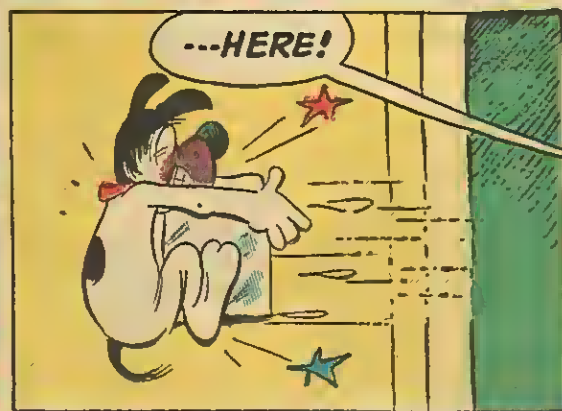
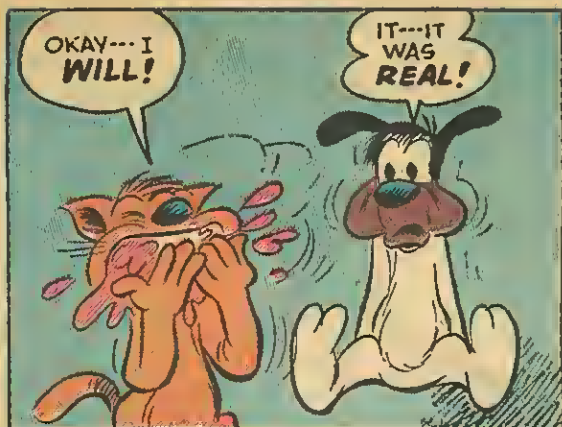


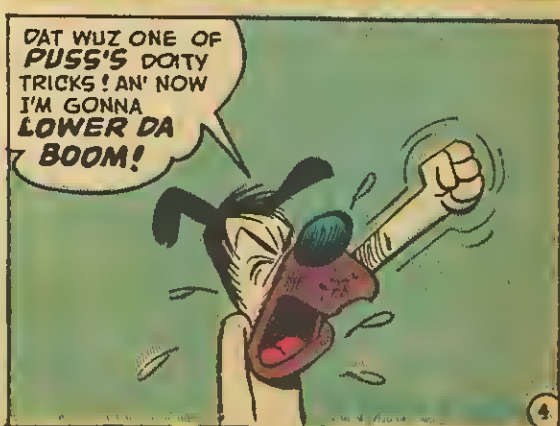
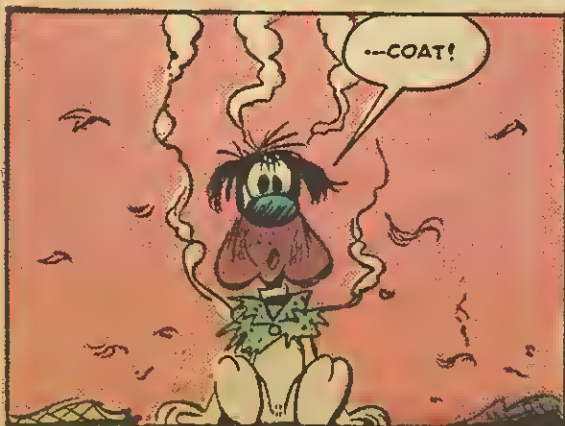
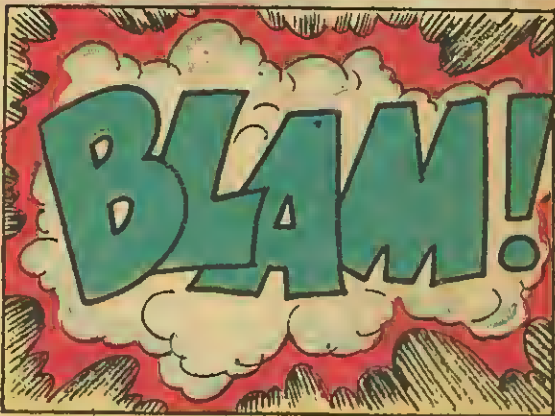
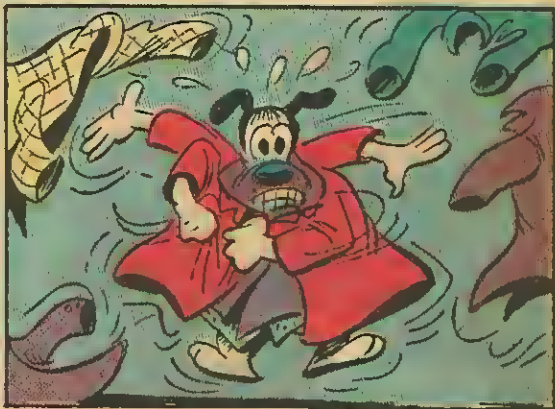
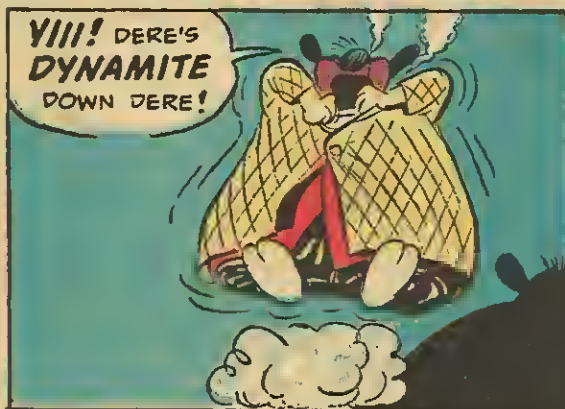
WHY, BOOTS, THAT'S
A **TERRIBLE**
THOUGHT! LOOK
WHAT I GOT FOR
YOU...A **CAKE!**

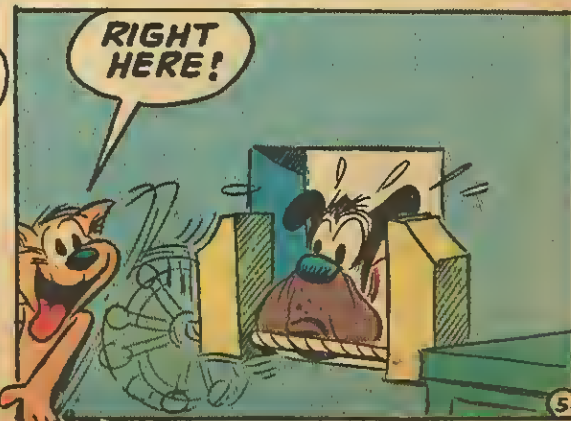
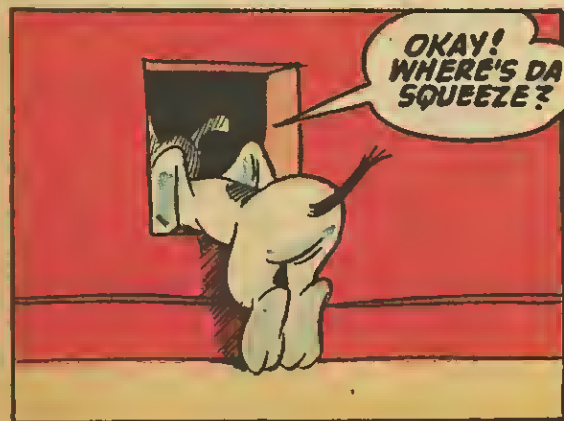
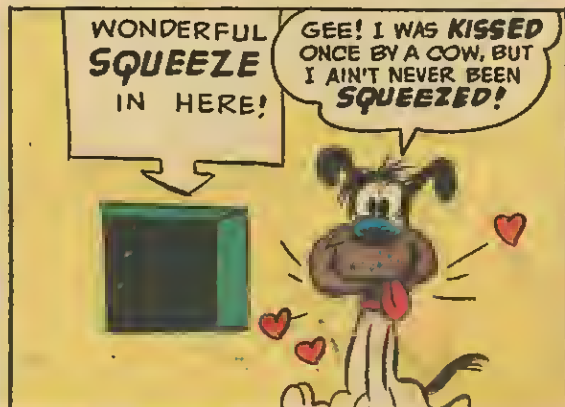
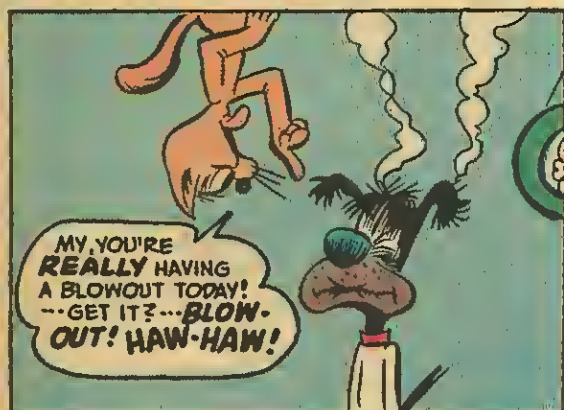
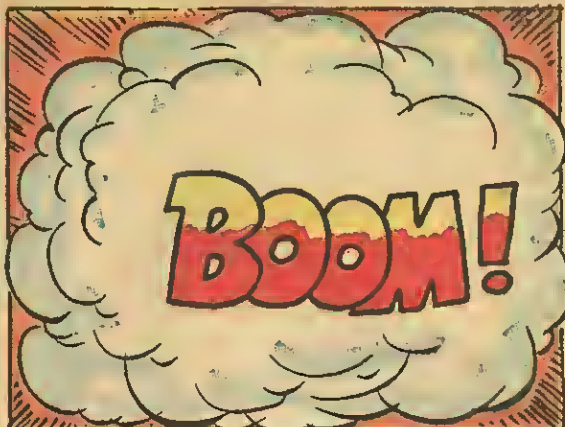
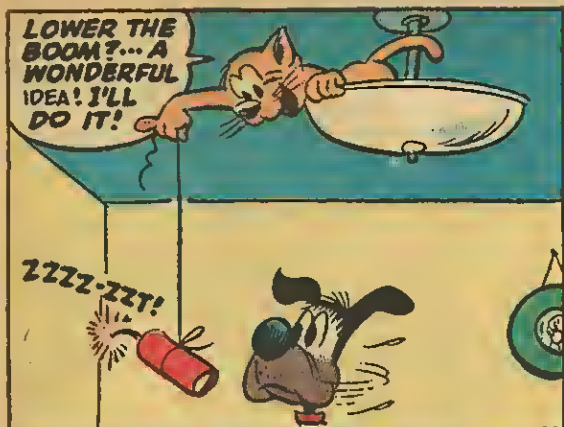
OO-OOO! I
LOVE CAKES, PUSS,
OL' PAL! AN' I THOUGHT
YOU WERE GONNA
PULL A **TRICK**
ON ME!

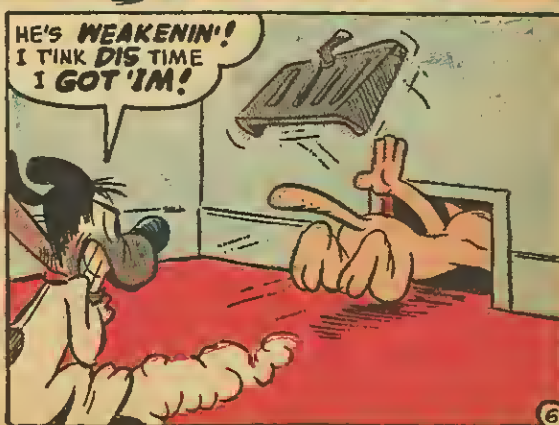
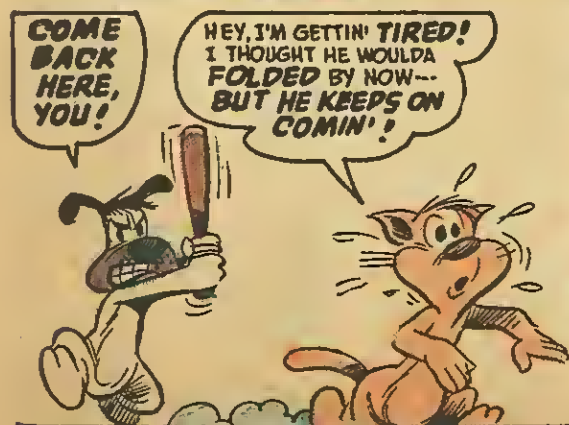
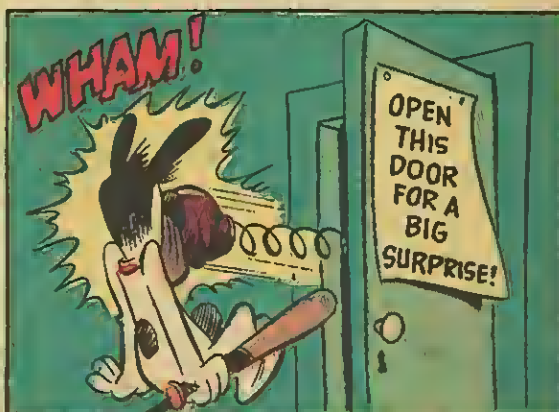
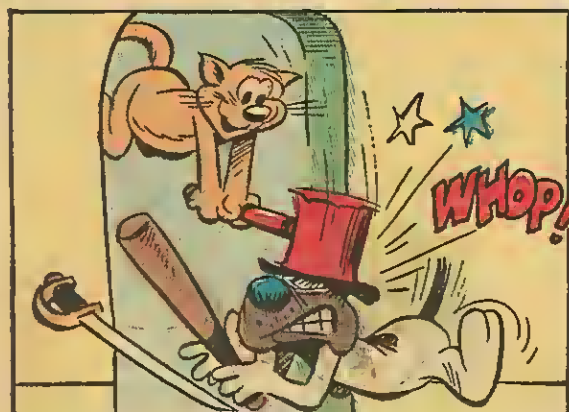
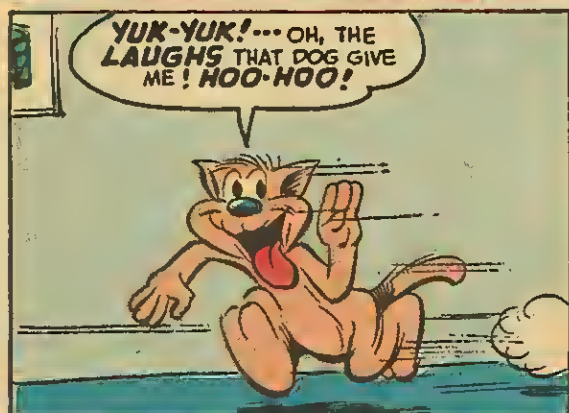
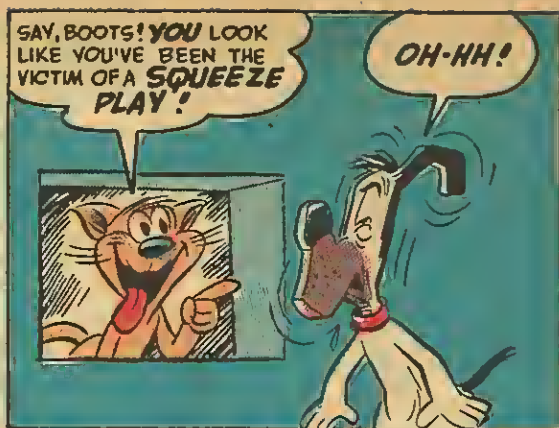
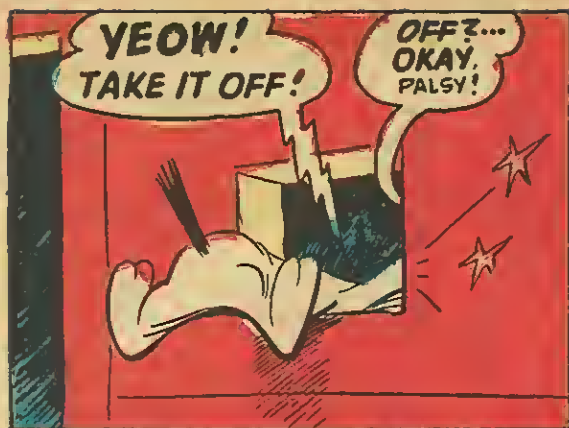


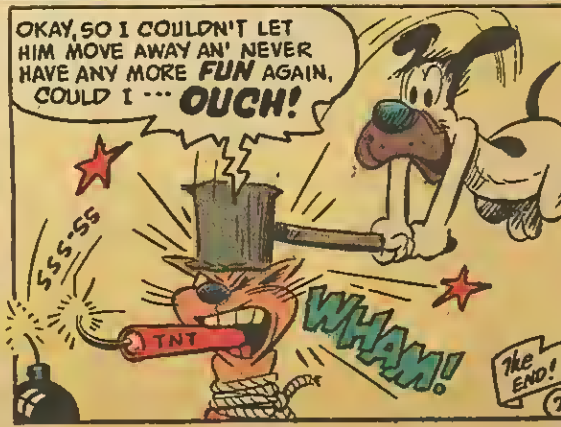
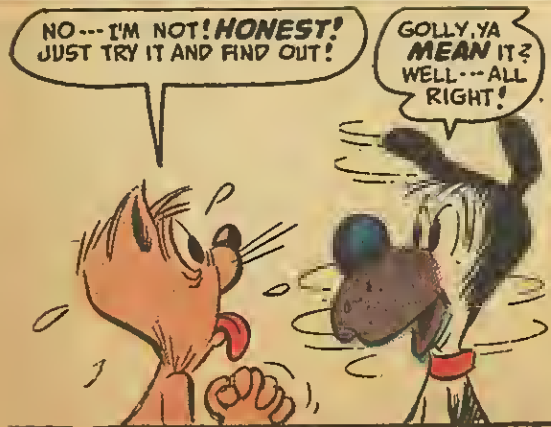
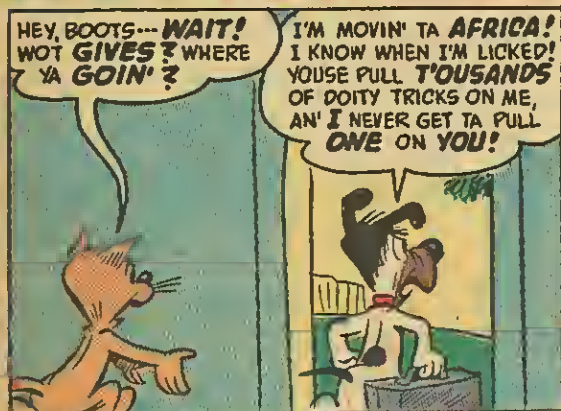
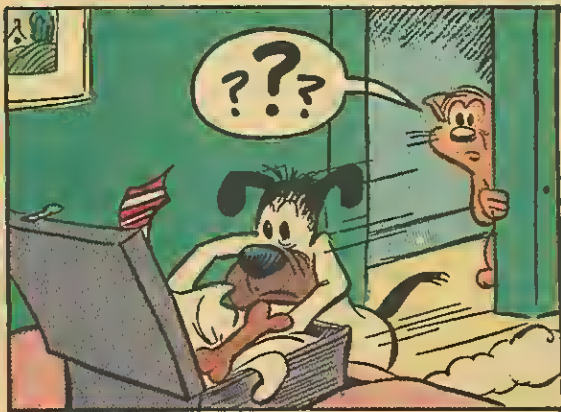
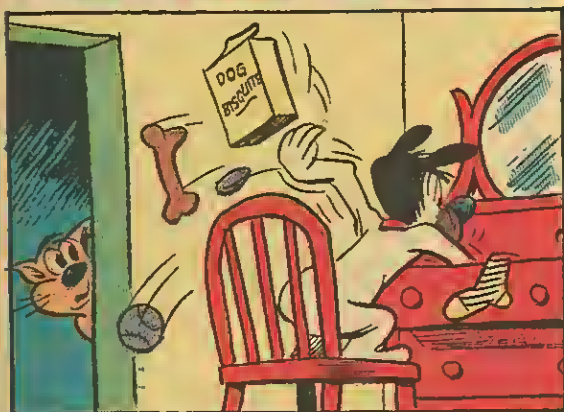
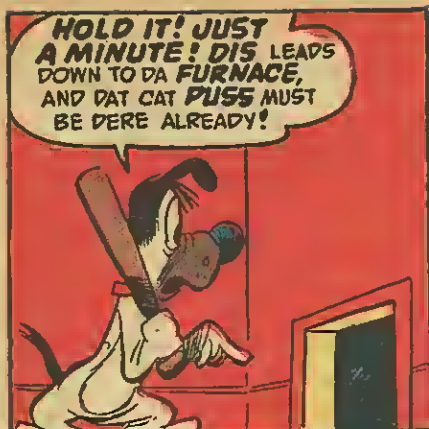












UP-TO-DATE IKE

ALKALI IKE, leading his trusty horse through town, stopped to stare into a store window. There were automobiles in that store, and Ike looked at them longingly.

"Hosses!" he said suddenly. "Fooey! Who needs 'em? Allus wanta be fed er watered er some sech foolishness! Now, take a here-now up-to-date car! *That's* bein' modern! A hoss is plumb *old-fashioned!*"

Now, Oatsie's feelings were hurt when he heard these ungrateful words from his old friend and master, but he pretended not to care, even when Ike led him into the store and asked how much a car cost.

But Oatsie almost cried when his master picked out an old junk-heap, patted it tenderly on the right front fender and said, "I'll swap muh hoss fer this!"

And that's exactly what happened! In less than two minutes, Alkali Ike was behind the driver's wheel, tooting the horn and driving out of town. "Yessir, this is more like it!" he grinned. "Bet this'll git me across the desert in jig-time!"

Rattling and clanking, the old jalopy went into the desert with Ike at the wheel. "This is great!" Ike smiled, as he watched the scenery whizz past. "No more feedin' an' waterin' an old nag!"

Suddenly, he heard a queer sound. It was something between a moan and a groan and came from the front of the jalopy, where the engine was. Then, a fountain of water spurted up from the front of the car, all the wheels shuddered and shook . . . and the old jalopy stopped!

Ike tried everything . . . turning the steering wheel, pressing the horn, even looking at the engine itself. He hit things with a hammer and changed all the tires around, and spoke coaxingly to the old jalopy, but it wouldn't budge.

Almost three hours went by. Ike was tired and disgusted, and worse than all, stranded in the middle of the desert. He had begun to hate the old jalopy, which just stood there, not making a sound.

"Tarnation! Drat! Thunderation!" Ike exclaimed angrily.

"Ahem!" Someone seemed to be clearing his throat nearby. Ike looked up and there, leaning against a cactus, was Oatsie—good old faithful Oatsie.

"Oatsie!" Ike yelled. "My chum! My pal! Please, please take me outta here!"

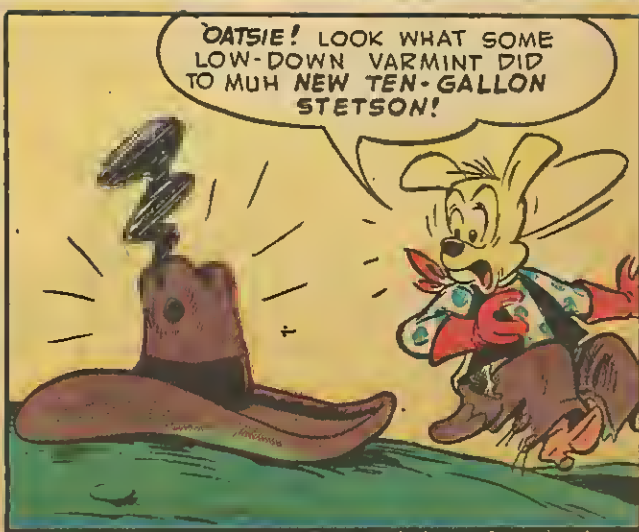
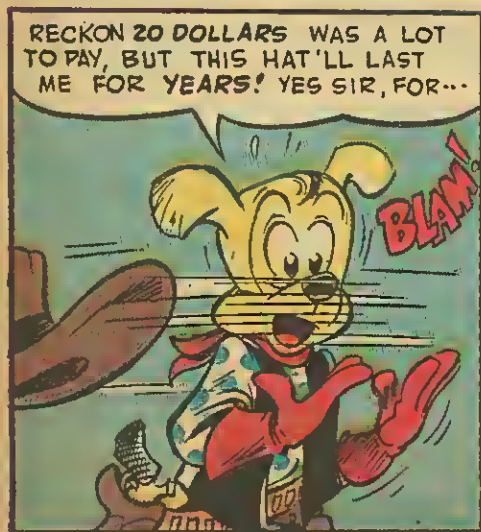
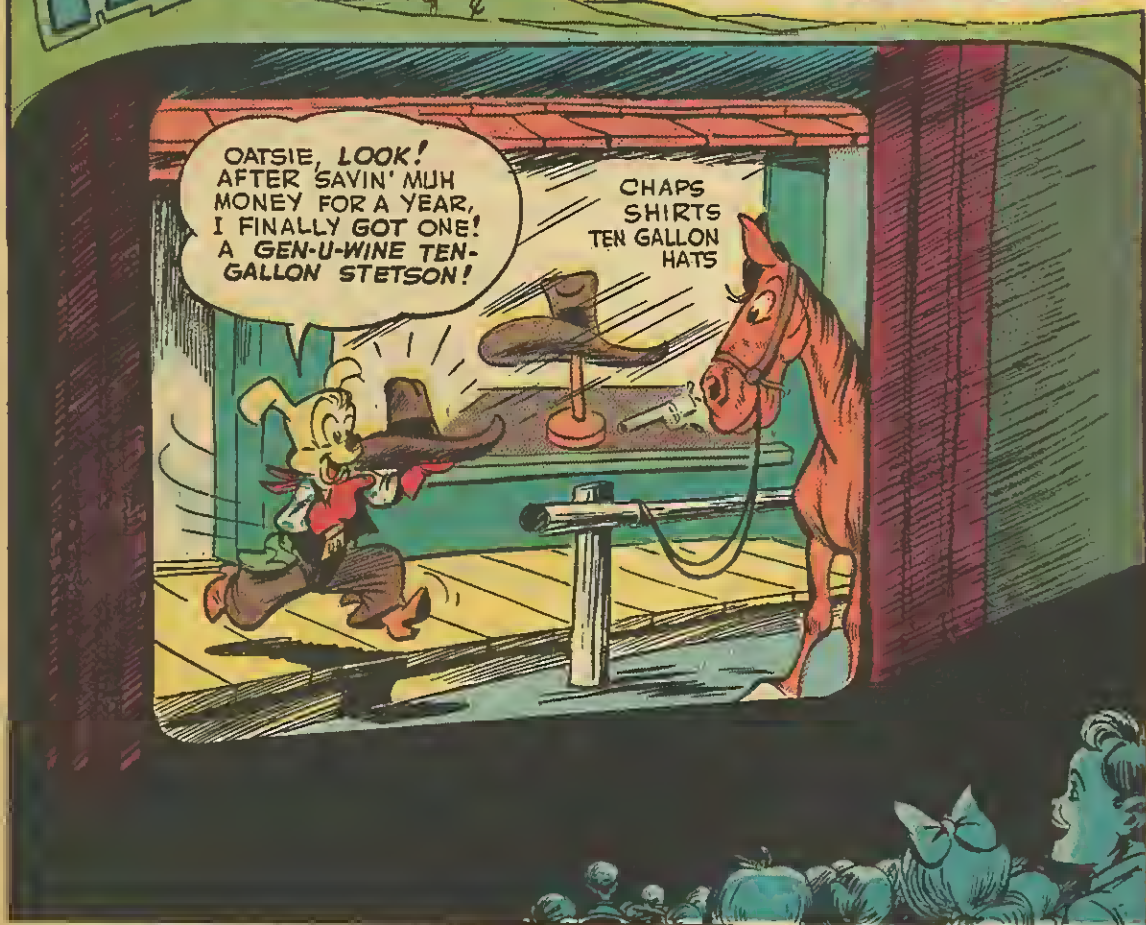
At first, Oatsie pretended not to hear him and kept looking scornfully at the jalopy, but Ike pleaded and begged for help. Finally, Oatsie allowed Ike to attach a tow-line between him and the rattle-trap car. Patiently, Oatsie pulled the car and Ike back to the town from which they had come, and stopped in front of the automobile store.

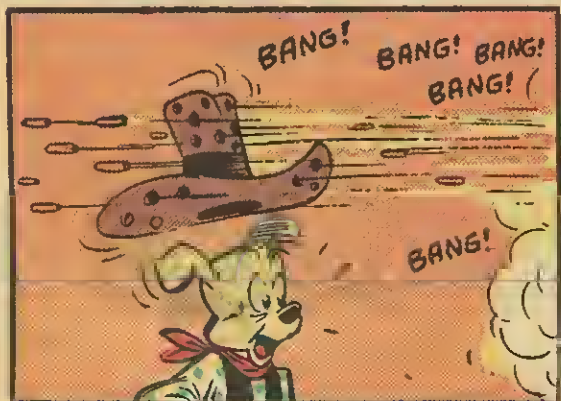
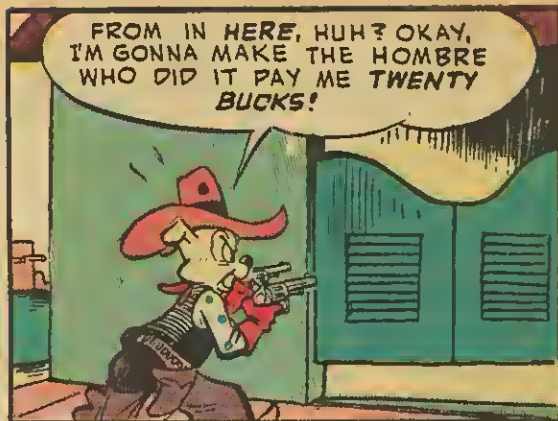
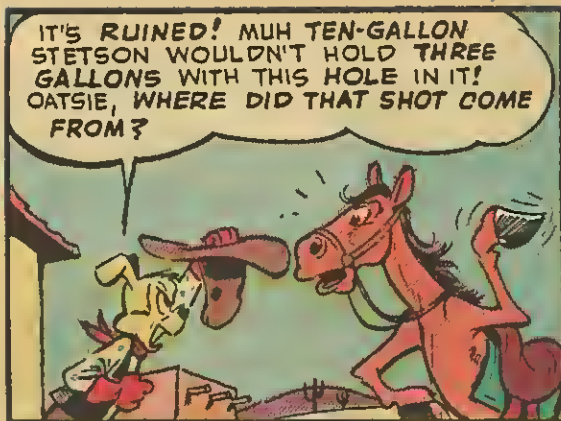
Ike sprang out of the car and ran into the store. A few seconds later, he came out and put his arms lovingly around Oatsie's neck. "I traded the car back again . . . fer you!" he whispered. "Why, you're worth a *hunderd* o' them pesky ol' things! An' besides, Oatsie . . . yer a pal!"

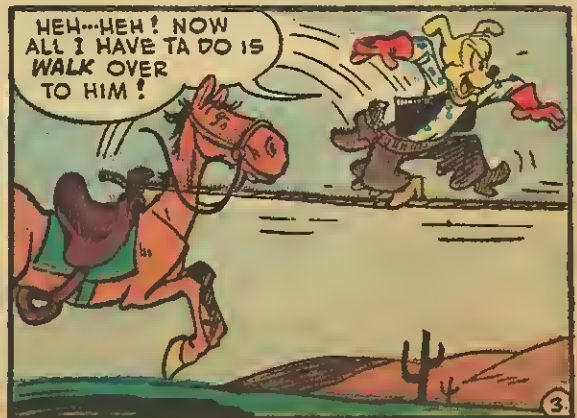
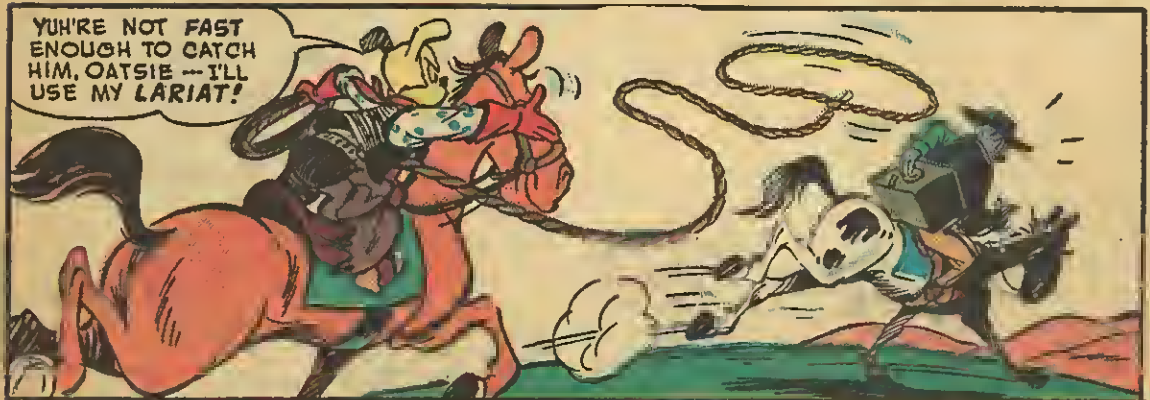
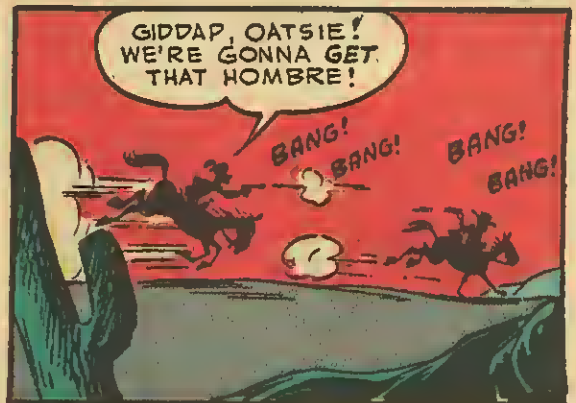
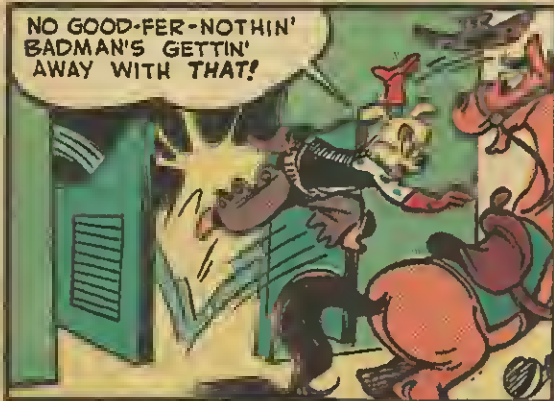
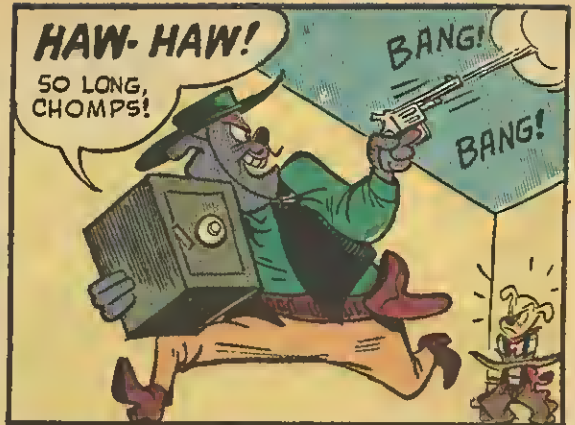
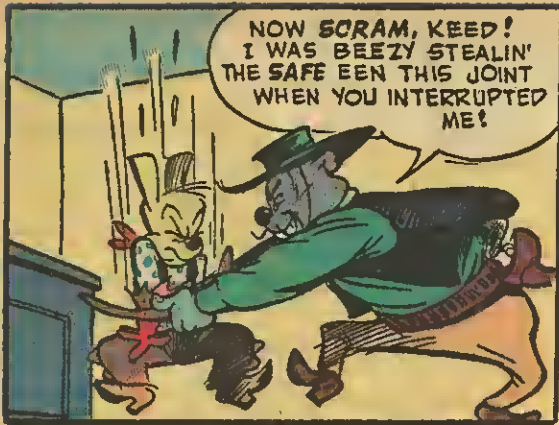
Oatsie nuzzled Ike gently with his velvety nose. "You said it!" he whinnied happily.

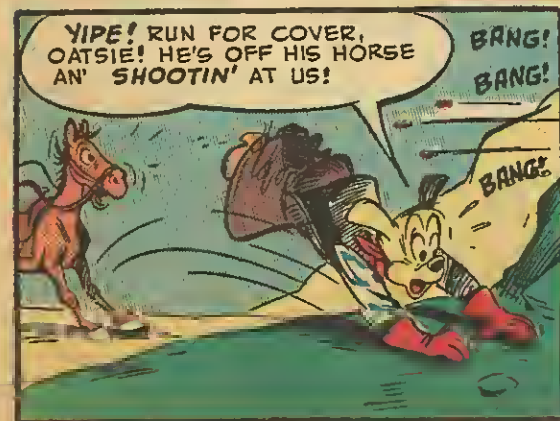
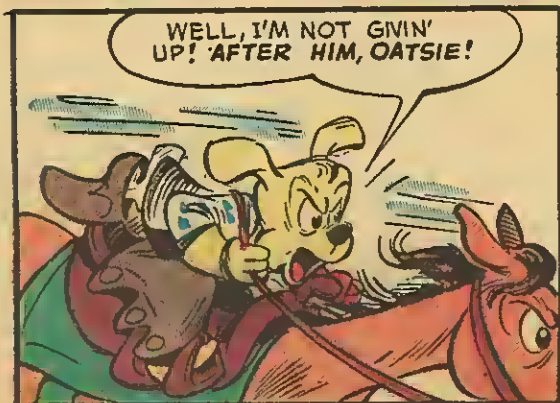
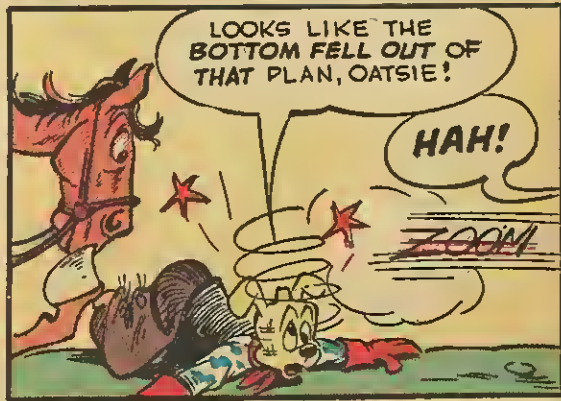
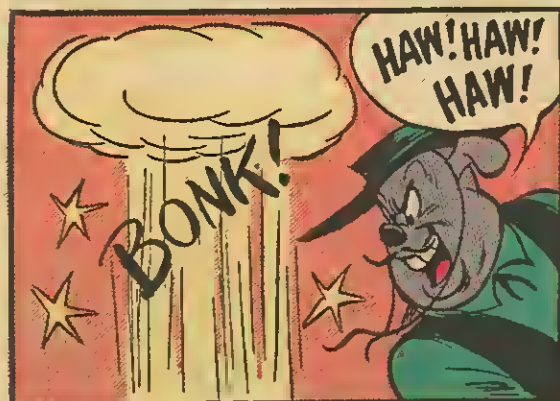
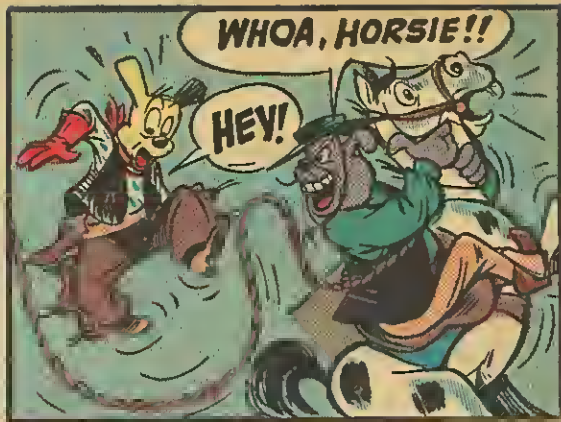
ALKALI IKE

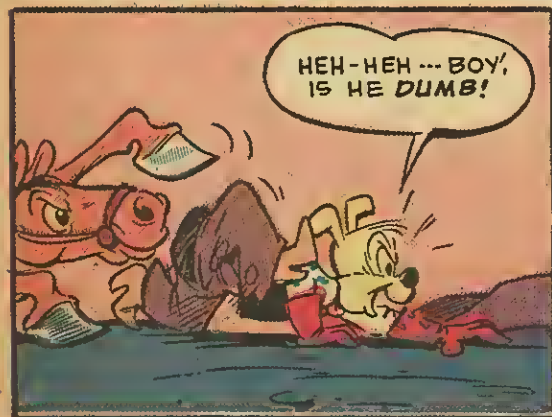
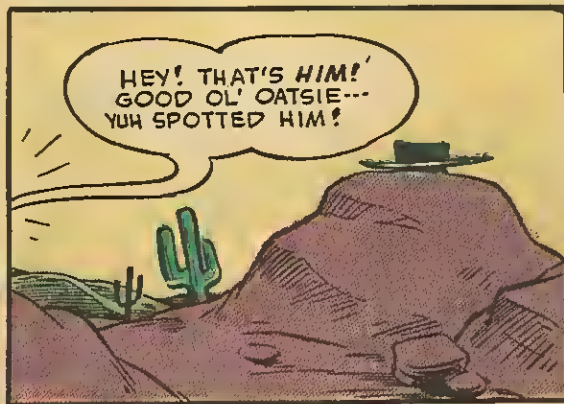
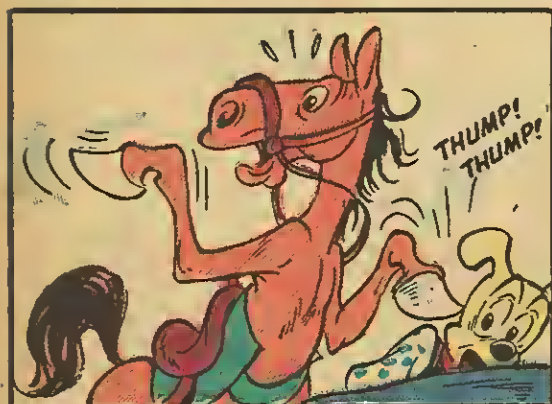
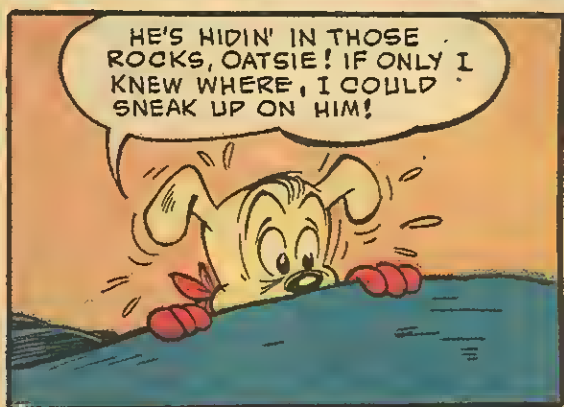
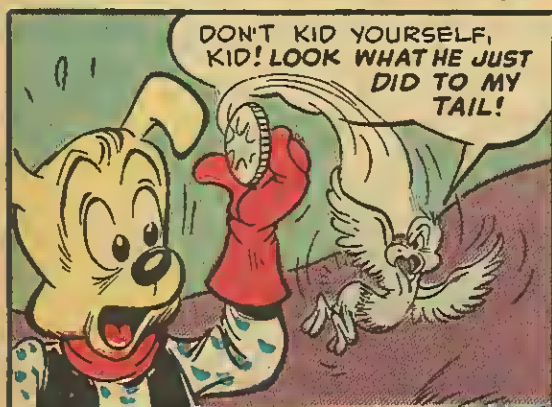
and his
horse,
OATSIE

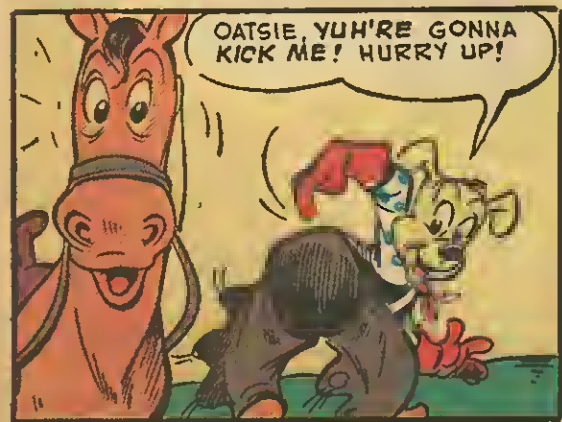
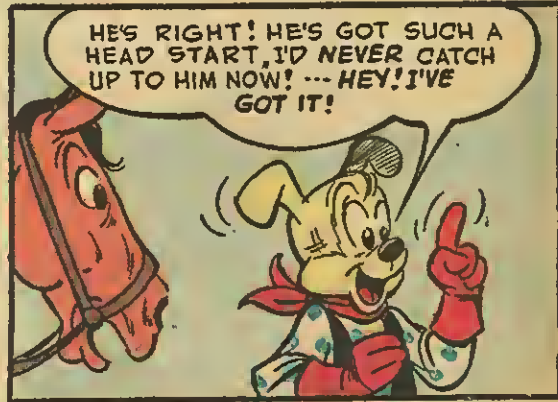
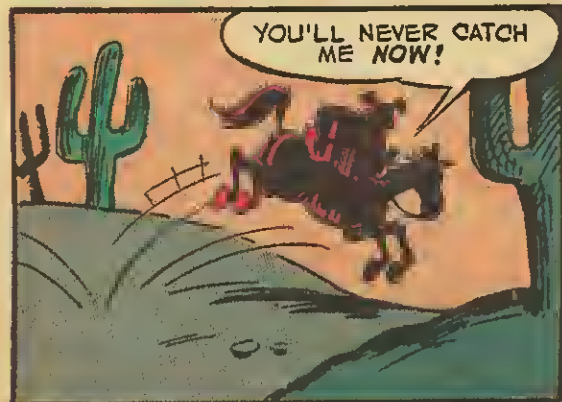
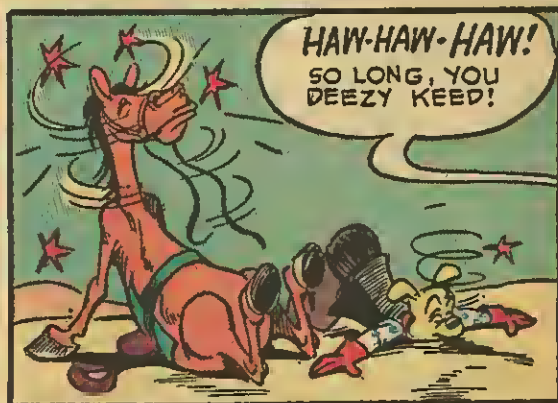
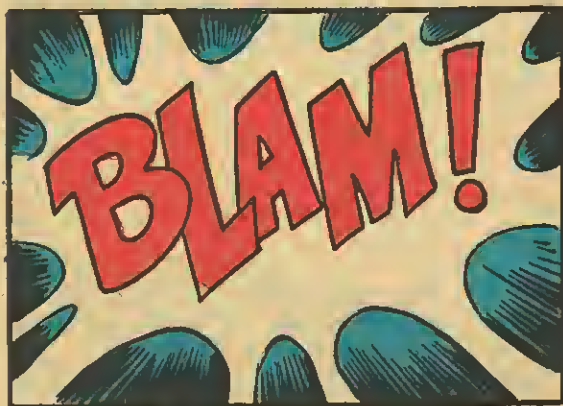
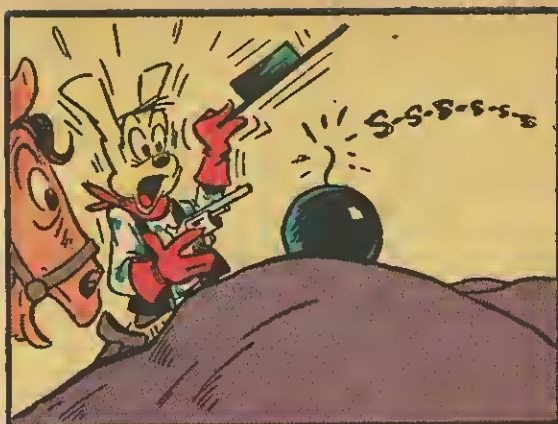


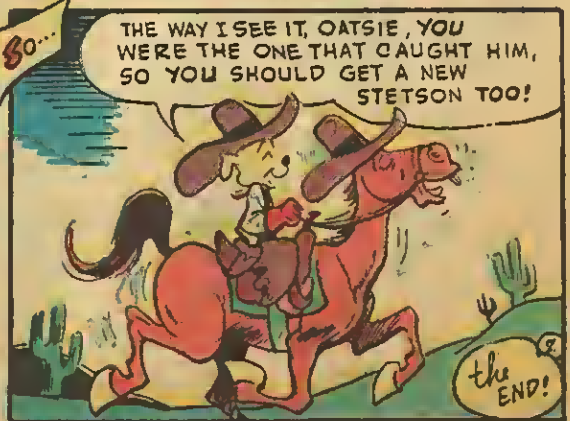
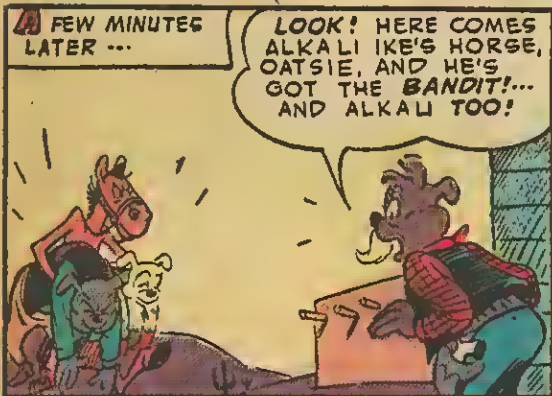
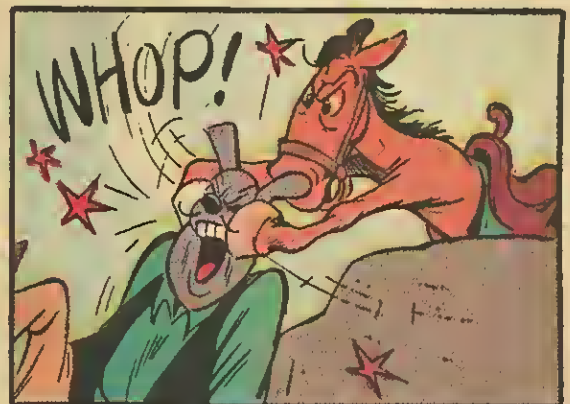
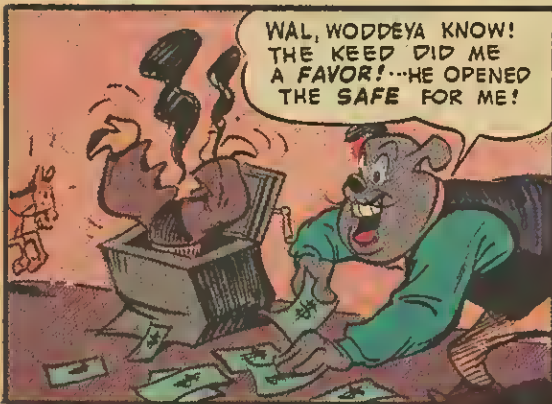
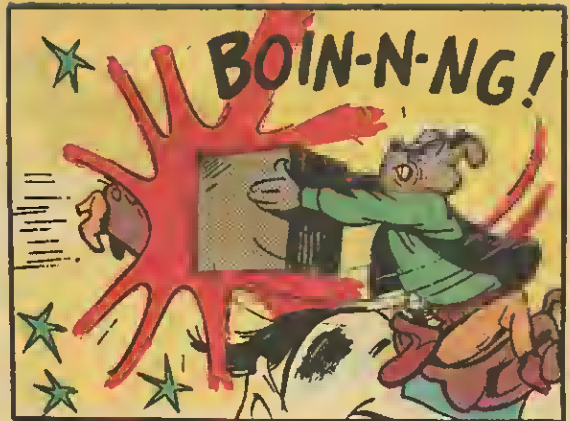
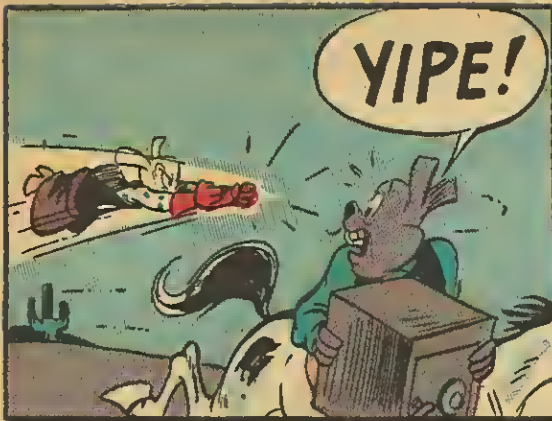




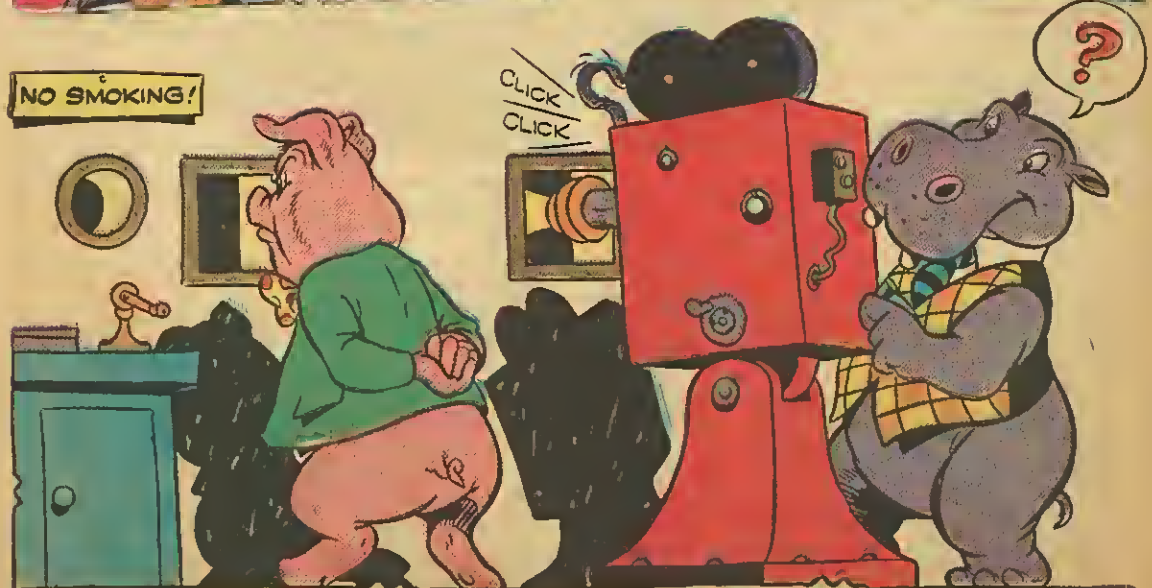








Uncle OINK



BLUNDERBUNNY

HEY, LOOK!
BLUNDERBUNNY'S
DREAMIN' UP A
NEW INVENTION!

A Funny Films Feature

WHAT!



C'MON---NONE OF THAT!
THIS IS THE DAY YER
SUPPOSED TO LOOK FOR
A JOB--- REMEMBER?

POP!

YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO
THAT THE LANDLADY SAID WE
GOTTA HAVE OUR ROOM
RENT TONIGHT--- OR WE
GOT NO ROOM!

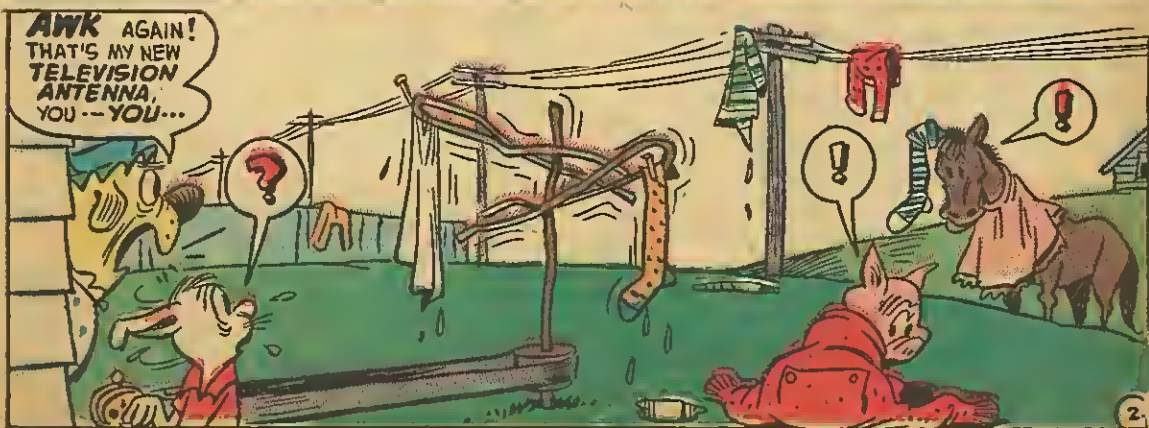
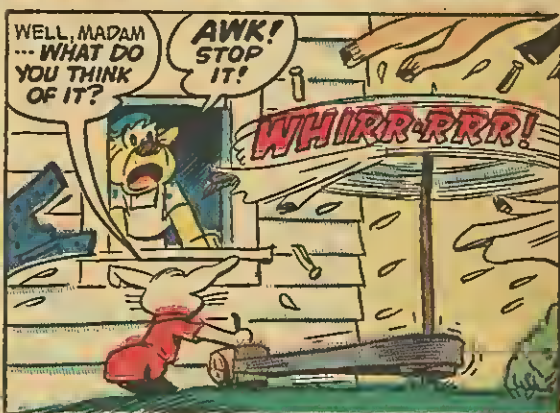
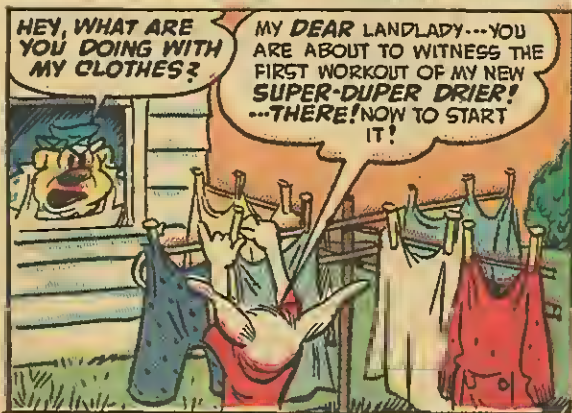
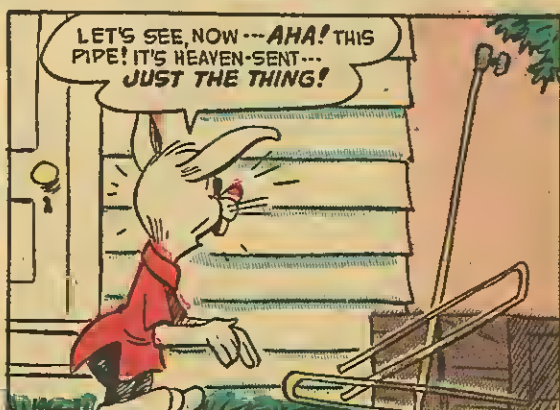
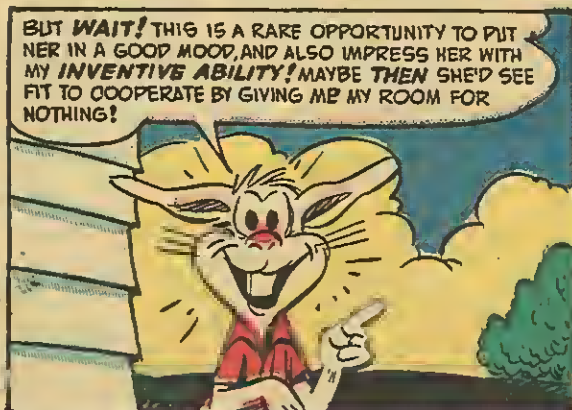
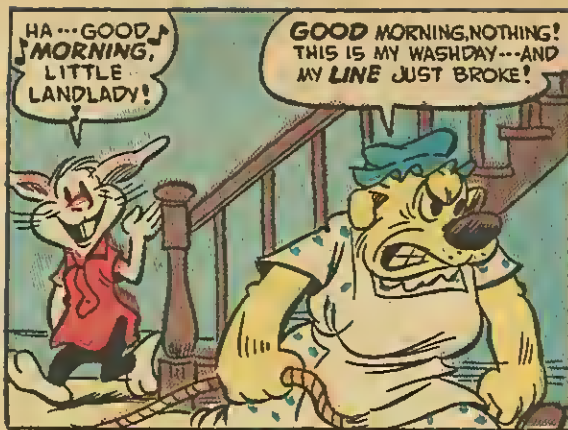
YAWN!
UMM---I
WONDER WHAT
EDISON DID
ABOUT HIS
LANDLADY?

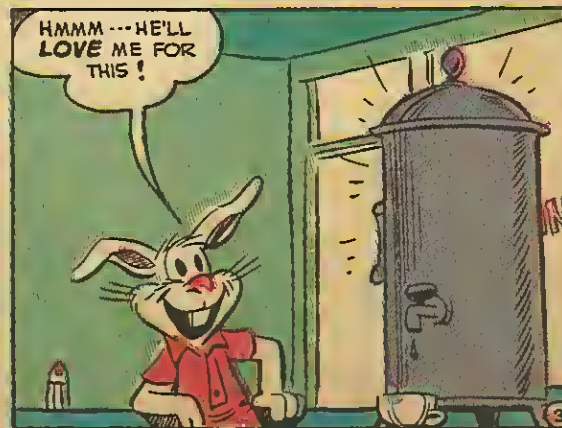
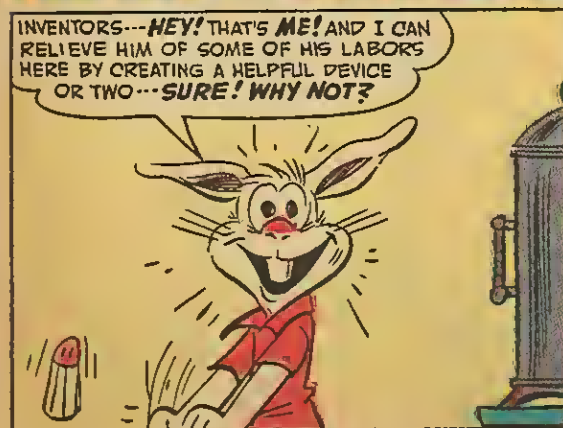
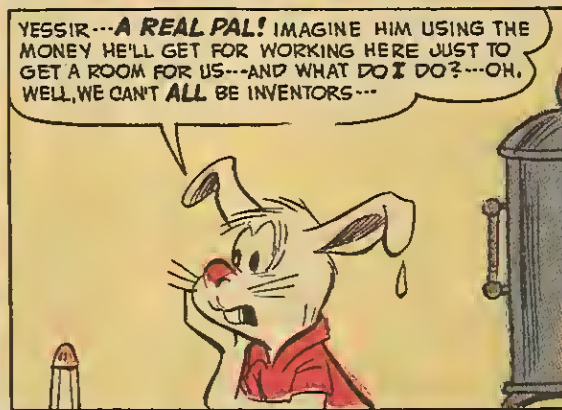
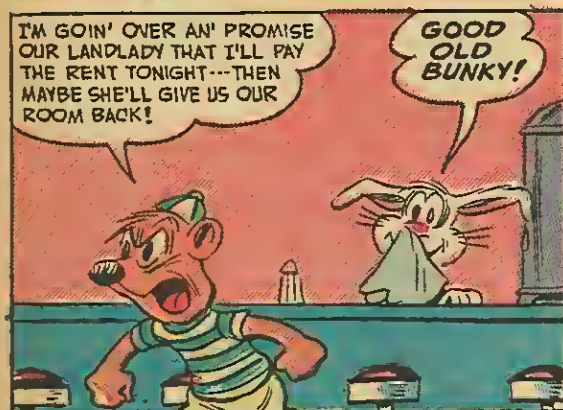
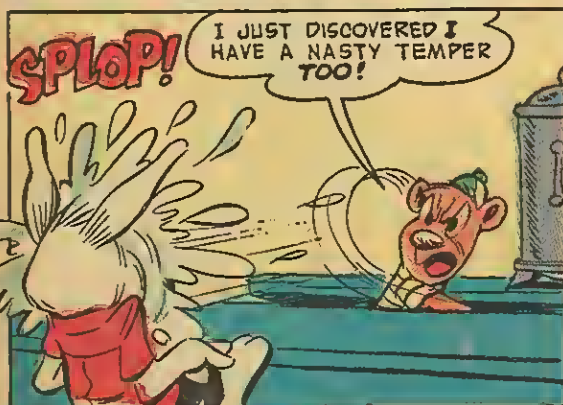
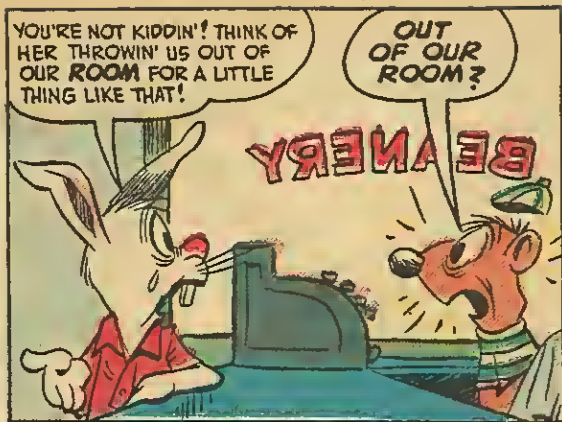
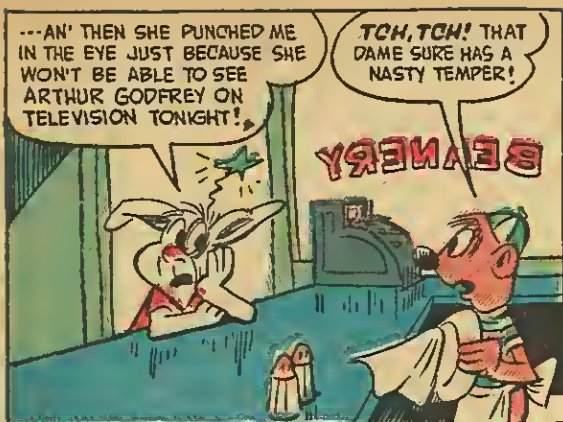
HE PROBABLY MARRIED
HER!---HURRY UP, NOW!
IF YOU WANNA SEE ME
LATER, I'LL BE AT
WORK!

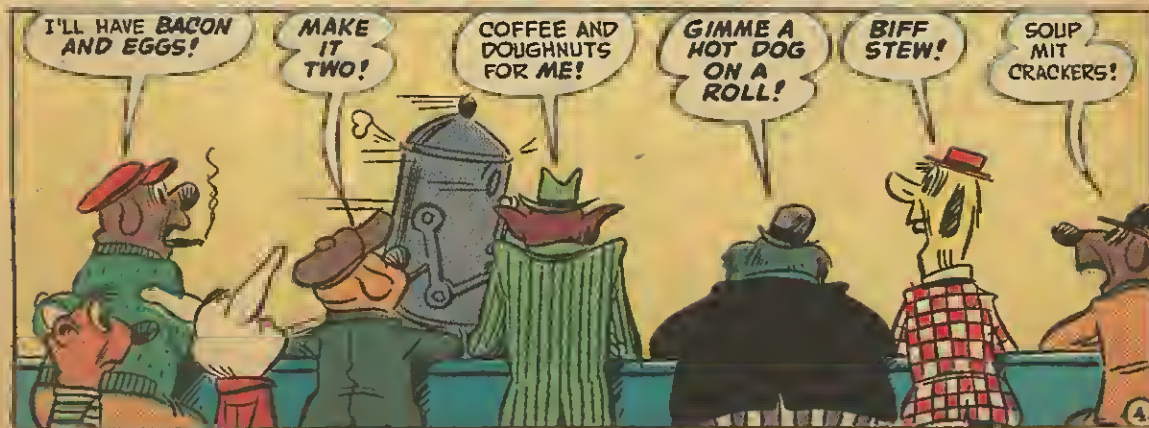
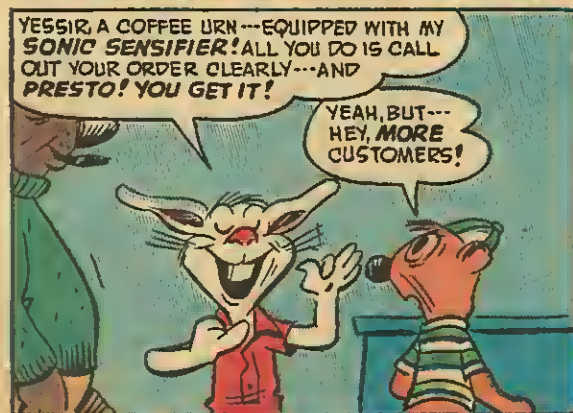
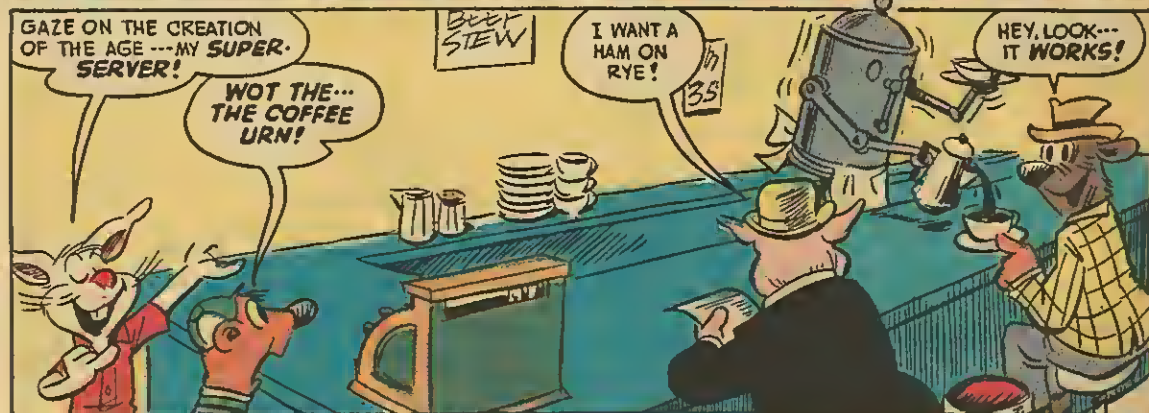
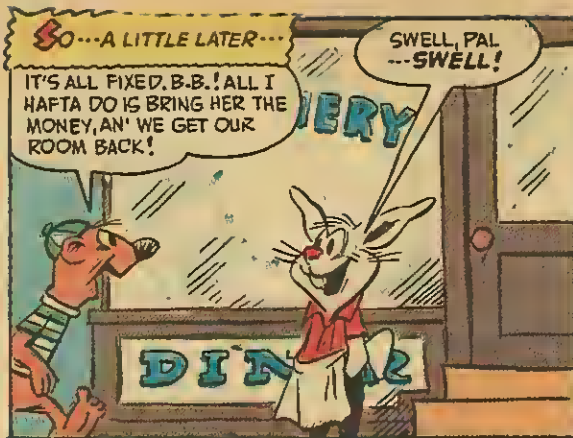
HMMM---
MARRIAGE---

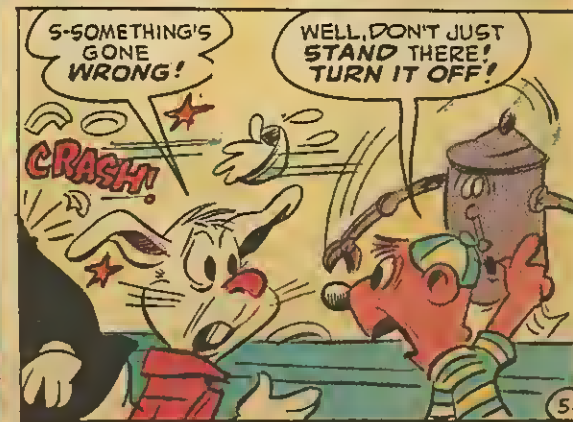
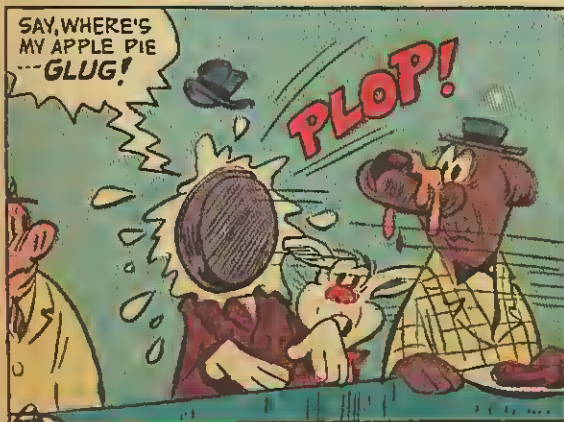
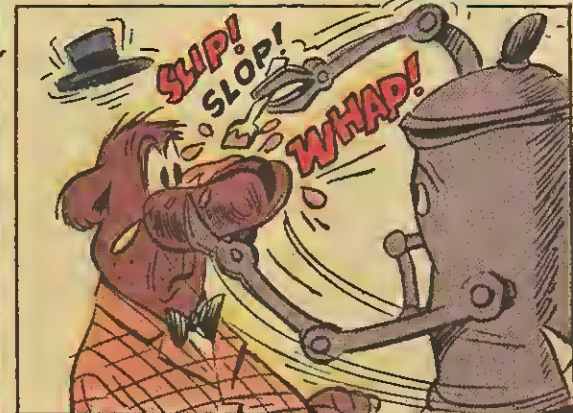
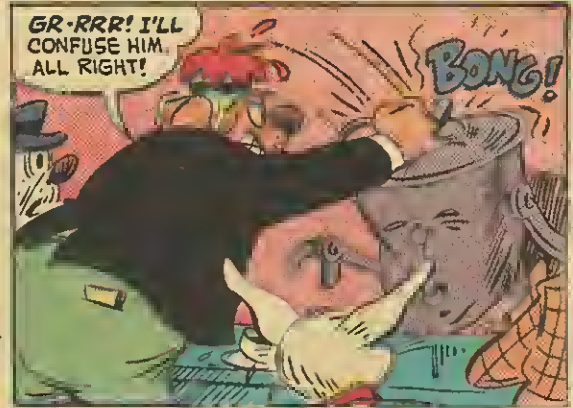
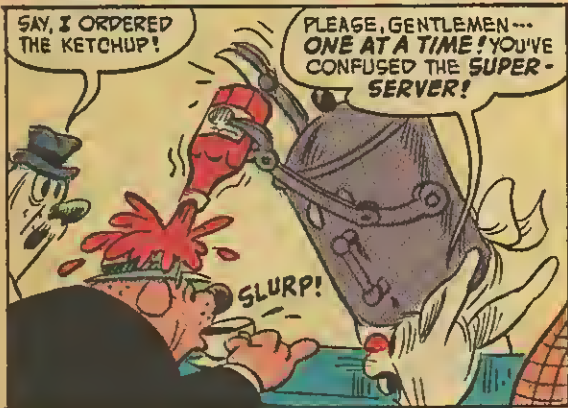
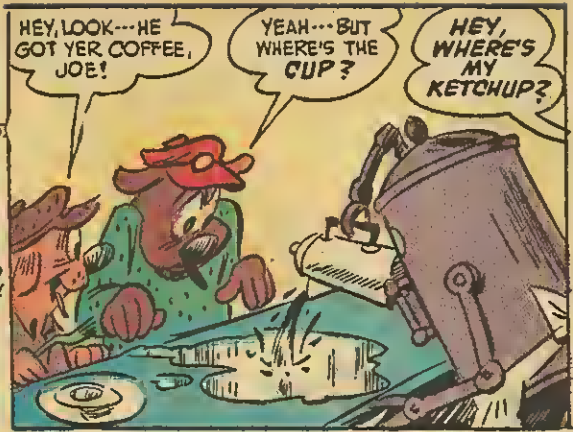
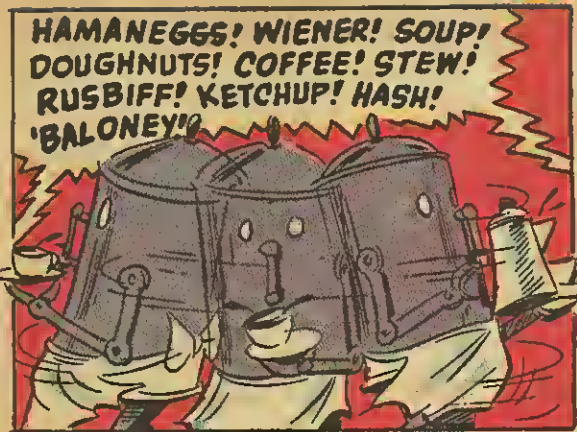
HEAVENS, NO! THERE MUST
BE AN EASIER WAY OF
BECOMING A FAMOUS
INVENTOR---

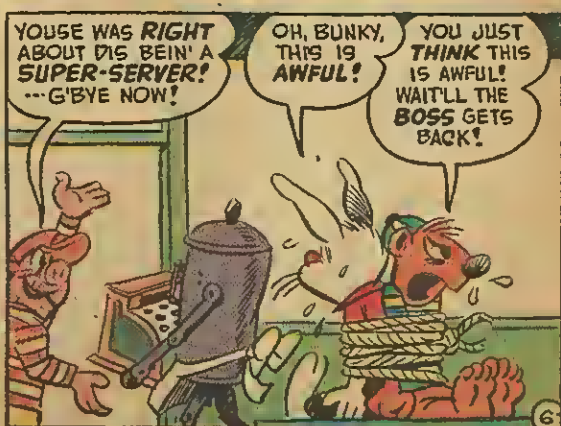
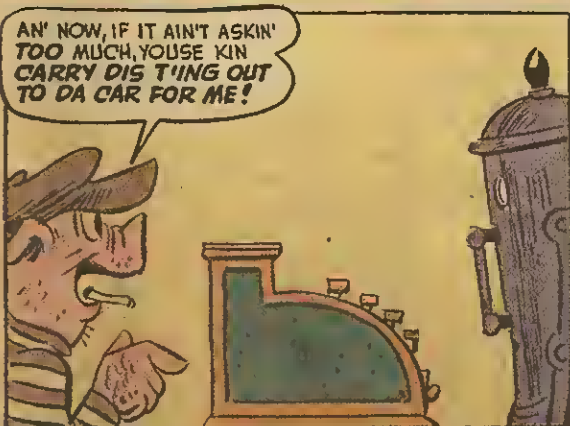
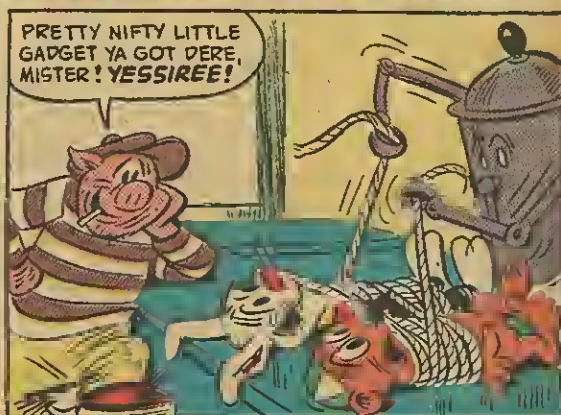
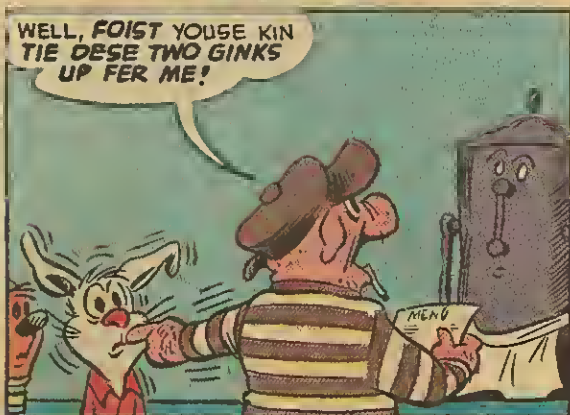
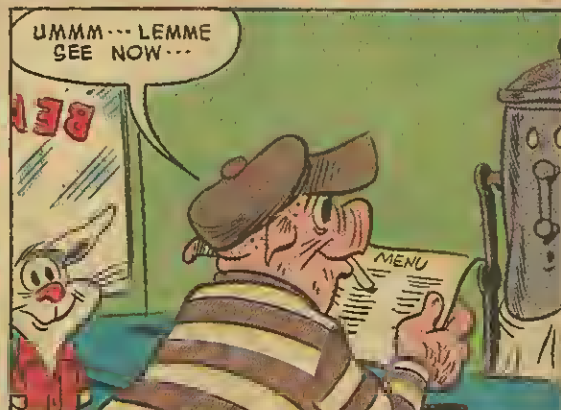
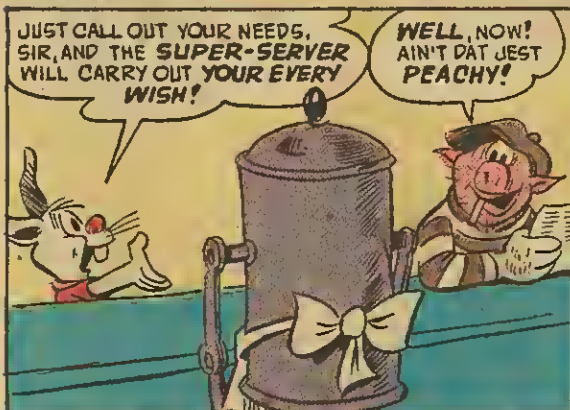
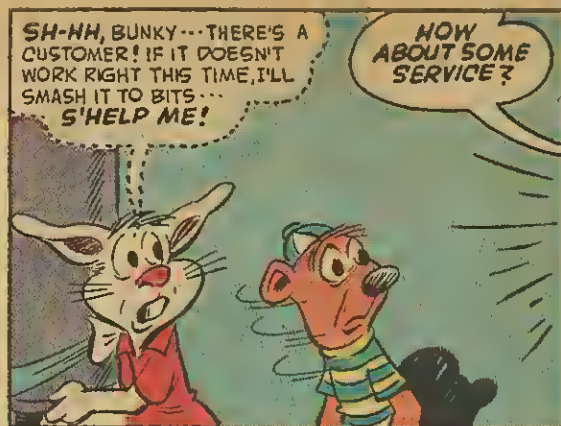
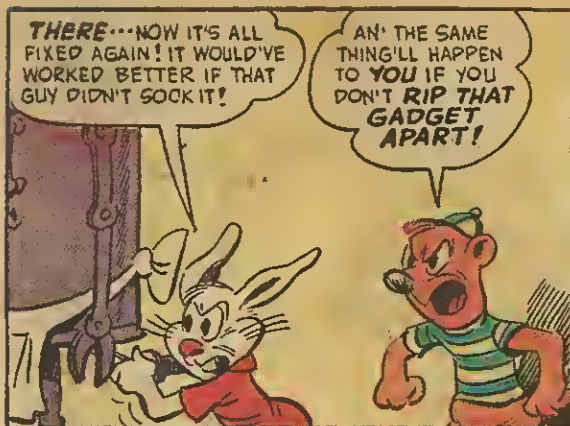
I'LL TRY CHARM-
ING HER INTO
LETTING ME HAVE
A ROOM FREE UN-
TIL ONE OF MY
INVENTIONS
CLICK!

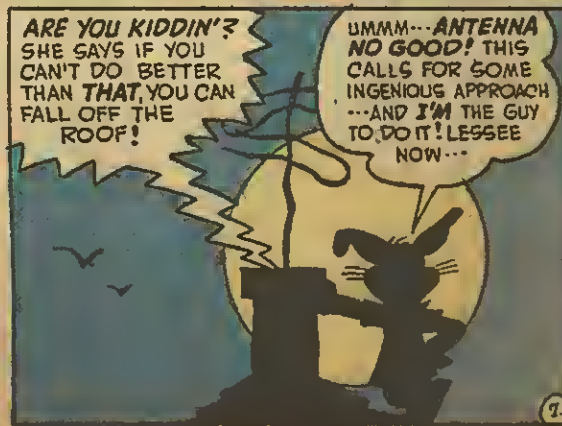
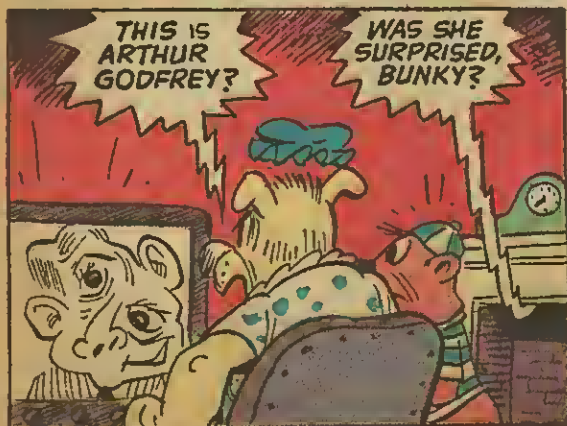
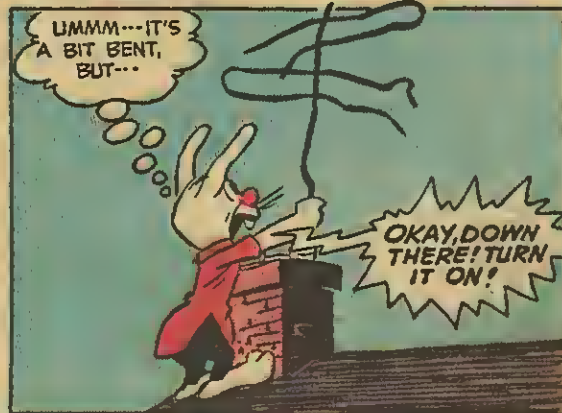
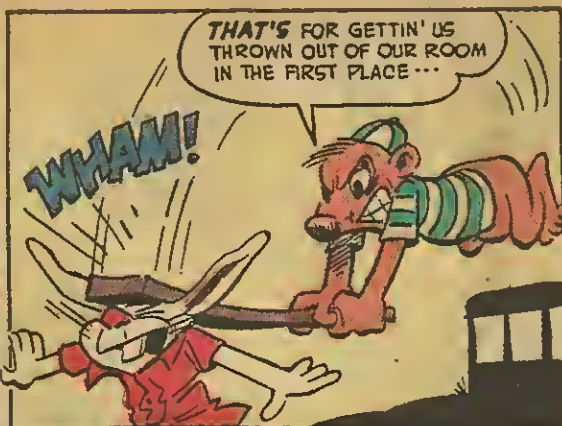
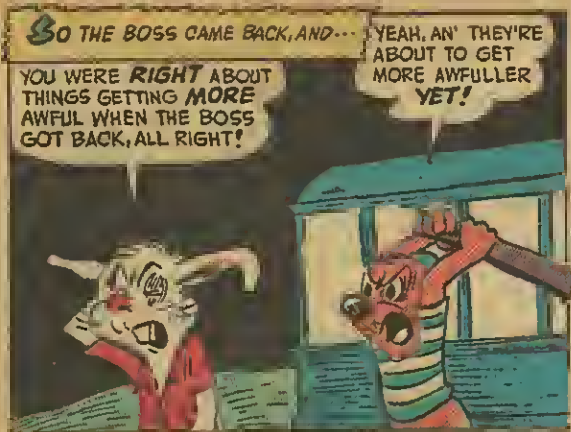


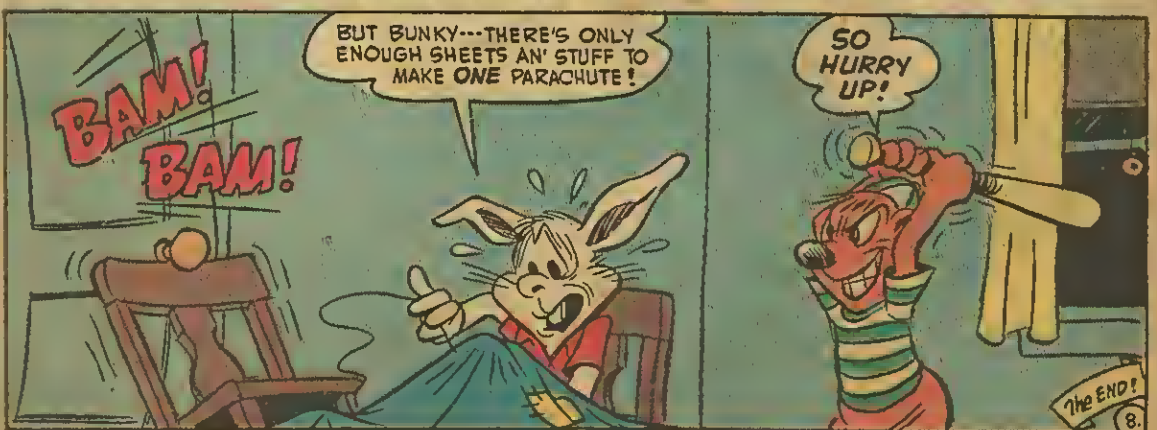
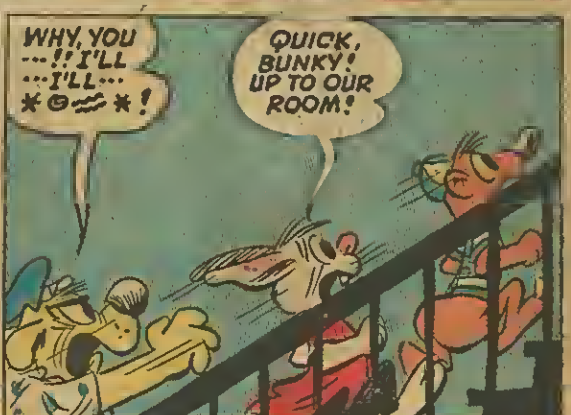
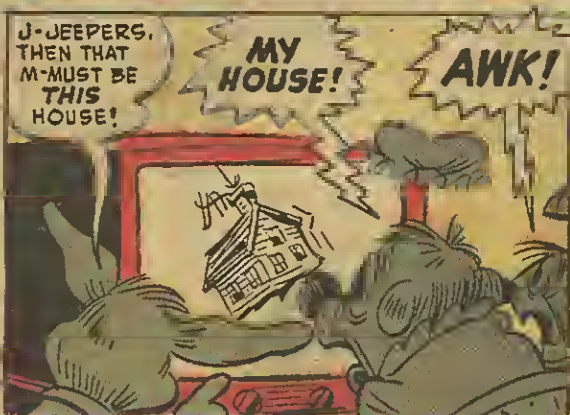
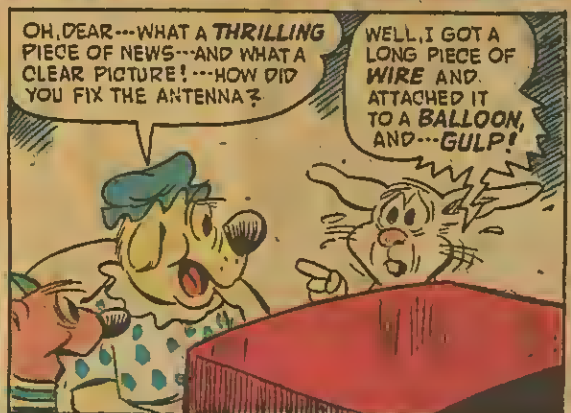
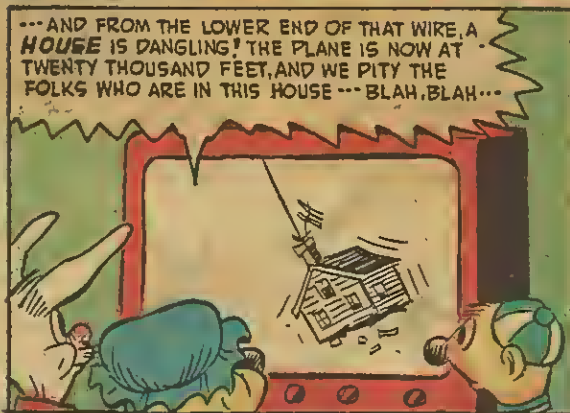
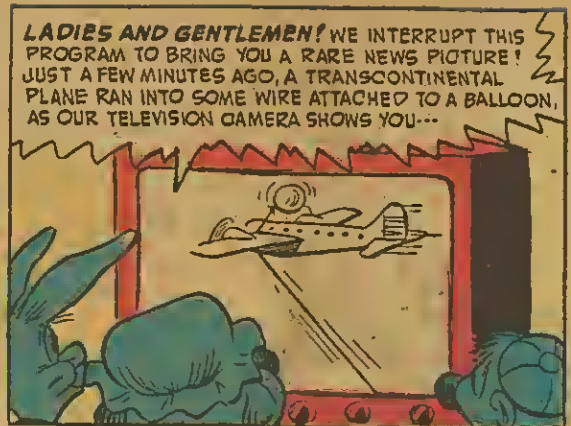
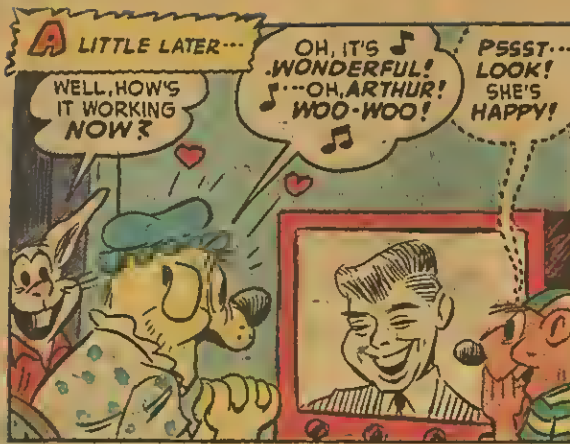




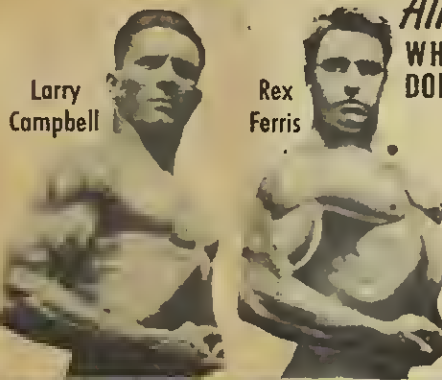








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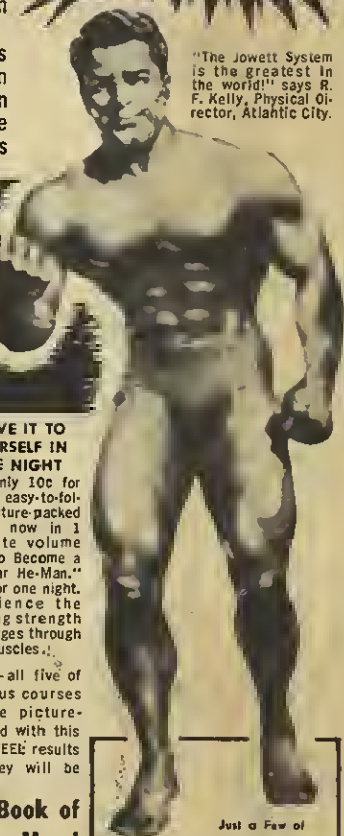
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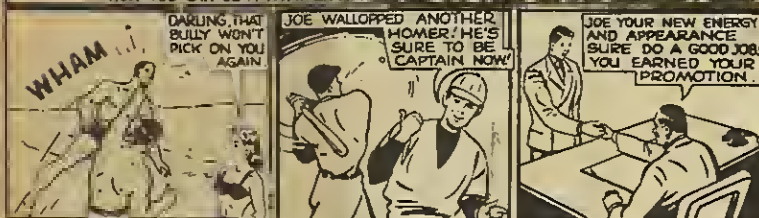
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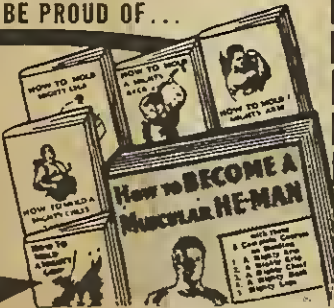
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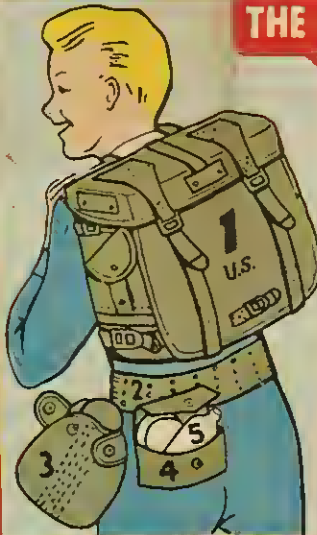


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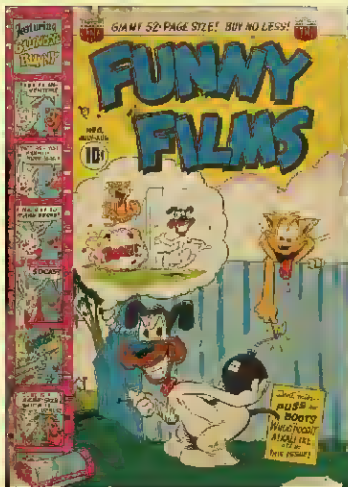
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